

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,
Volume LXXVI. }

No. 2477.— December 19, 1891.

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Vol. CXI.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & Co.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

TO JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

FRIEND of my childhood, boyhood, manhood,
age,

How can I fail thy bitter loss to mourn,
That from the book of life its glowing page
So filled with golden memories has torn?

No! no! those memories still remain — more
sad —

That they are now but silent dreams that
rise,
Faint phantoms, once so real, living, glad,
Now only to be seen through tear-filled eyes.

Ah! of Truth's temples gone are nearly all
Of its strong props, by cruel death o'er-
thrown;

And now, like some weak pillar near to fall,
Amid the wreck I stand almost alone.

We roamed together through the fields of
play,

We strove through life as strenuous friends
and warm;

No doubting shadows in our pathway lay,
Nor o'er our friendship swept one passing
storm.

Shoulder to shoulder, heart to heart, through
life

We went; ne'er asking which was best or
first,

Unknowning envy, jealousy, or strife,
Sure of each other — through the best and
worst.

Fame, honor, fortune, crowned thee with its
wreath;

Justly the world to thee adjudged its prize;
But simple, heedless of its flattering breath,
Thy path was onward with uplooking eyes, —

Onward through life, strong, earnest in the
fight

For freedom, duty, justice, all things good,
Sowing brave words, high thoughts, for truth,
for right,

And unseduced by all life's siren brood.

Nature to thee the poet's power bestowed,

A genial humor and a trenchant wit,
That now like mild heat-lightning gleamed
and glowed,

Now with a sudden flash life's centre hit.

All the great gifts that lavish Nature gave

By study, culture, art, were trained and
formed.

As scholar, critic, poet — gay or grave —

The world to thee with heart responsive
warmed.

Thy loss, not I alone, a nation mourns,

The double nation of our English speech,
Where'er the illuming light of letters burns,
Where'er brave words and noble thoughts
can reach.

Grateful I listen to the generous strain
Of praise and grief, that through the whole
world rings, —

But ah! what hand like thine will wake again
The glad old music on my broken strings?
Blackwood's Magazine. W. W. STORY.

THE WHITE MOTH.

"If a leaf rustled she would start;
And yet she died a year ago.
How had so frail a thing the heart
To journey when she feared so?
And do they turn and turn in fright,
Those little feet, in so much night?"

The light above the poet's head
Streamed on the page and on the cloth,
And twice and thrice there buffeted
On the black pane a white-winged moth,
'Twas Annie's soul that beat outside
And "Open, open, open!" cried:

"I could not find the way to God:
There are too many flaming suns
For signposts, and the fearful road
Led over wastes where millions
Of tangled comets hissed and burned —
I was bewildered, and I turned.

"O, it was easy then! I knew
Your window and no star beside.
Look up, and take me back to you!"
He rose and thrust the window wide.
— 'Twas but because his brain was hot
With rhyming; for he heard her not.

But poets polishing a phrase
Show anger over trivial things;
And as she blundered in the blaze
Towards him, with ecstatic wings,
He raised a hand and smote her dead;
Then wrote, "Would I had died instead!"
Speaker. Q.

IN AUTUMN.

DEAREST, the winds are chill, the ways are
wet,
The golden grain is gather'd in the sheaf,
And, like a wounded bird, the first dead
leaf
Falls at our feet, but seems to quiver yet
As with a pang of passionate regret
For days so brief.

Nay, Time, our master, taketh no denial
Whether our skies smile fair, or weep for
grief;
Yet, as his warning shadow gains relief
When gayest sunshine glistens on the dial,
So brightest days outspeed our days of trial,
Though both are brief!
World.

From The Nineteenth Century.
THE PRIVATE LIFE OF SIR THOMAS
MORE.

On all the beautiful features of men and women, throughout the ages, are written the solemnities and majesty of the law they knew, with the charity and meekness of their obedience. — RUSKIN.

NEVER before, not even in the days of St. Augustine himself, did circumstances conspire with greater force than they do now to show how essentially "we are a race curious to know the lives of others." Whether I should finish the sentence and add "though careless to amend our own,"* I do not claim the knowledge, as, perhaps, I should not have the heart, to say. But I can say and do say that for fruitfulness and usefulness it would be difficult to surpass or even to match in the past the results of such — often questionable — inquisitiveness as are to be found in the historical literature of this century; especially in that section of it that deals with what may be called the Tudor cycle, centring or culminating in the long, disastrous reign of Henry the Eighth.

And, however true, with certain limitations, the dictum that individuals are important in history in proportion not to their intrinsic merit, but to their relation to the State, and history is not concerned with them except in their capacity of members of a State,† the fact that the chief interest of this literature lies in a very great degree in its intense personal character in no wise detracts from its genuine historical value, since the great English revolution of the sixteenth century in its social, political, moral, and religious effects was the outcome of and inseparable from the moral and intellectual character and individual action of a mere handful of men.

To know truly the character of these men is to have floods of light thrown into the dark places of our history.

And a marvellous gallery of portraits historians such as Professor Brewer, Mr. Gairdner, Dr. Stubbs, Mr. Friedmann, Dr. Gasquet, and Father Bridgett have given us. And, moreover, portraits so true, in some cases so courageously true, that never again can educated men and

women be beguiled into believing the strange travesties they have hitherto received as authentic; and received in spite of the fascinating author's bold assertion that history after all "is only a child's box of letters from which you have but to select such facts as suit you, leave alone those which do not, and, let your theory of history be what it will, you can find no difficulty in providing facts to prove it."* So great is the ascendancy of a brilliant writer affluent in the magic of style, a picturesque imagination, and inexhaustible ingenuity!

But it is not my intention now to philosophize or moralize, to review in detail or even summarily the marvellous disclosures contained in such lasting works as Brewer's "Henry VIII.," Friedmann's "Anne Boleyn," Gasquet's "English Monasteries," Stubbs's "Studies in History," Brewer's and Gairdner's "Calendars of State Papers," Bridgett's "Bishop Fisher;" though I confess it is difficult to pass by in silence the impressive and startling lessons they convey.

What, for example, could be more impressive, more interestingly instructive than Professor Brewer's picture of Henry the Eighth, an idolized sovereign in the full glory of his youthful beauty of mind and body, contrasted with that other picture of him reproduced by Mr. Friedmann from the vivid pen of the imperial ambassador, Chapuys, which shows the hardened man of middle age in the revolting guise of a reveller decked out in gorgeous apparel, all in yellow from top to toe except for the white feather in his cap, dandling his little bastard daughter and dancing with the gayest of the gay at a court ball the very day after the news reached him that his persecuted, strong-hearted wife was dead — and dead, if not of a broken heart, in all probability through poison administered at the instigation, or with the connivance, of himself and his paramour?

Or, again, that view of Henry's court, with the coarse, ambitious, and relentless Anne Boleyn for its centre, which we owe to the same author; and which finds its dark pendant in the pages of Dr. Gasquet

* St. Augustine, Confessions, Bk. x., c. 3.

† Professor Seeley, The Expansion of England.

* J. A. Froude, Short Studies on Great Subjects.

where he depicts the man that, as the king's right hand, more than any other human being has justified the saying, "Inglese italianato è diavolo incarnato"?

Surely, after the facts brought together and set forth out of the depths of our national records by Dr. Gasquet, such phrases as "the truly noble nature," "the integrity," and "the fidelity" of Thomas Cromwell* become meaningless, are blotted out forever; and the most vehement Protestantism, so far from thinking it a pity that we can only piece together such a scanty biography of him,† will, on the contrary, lament that we know so much!

But it was not for all or any of these that, except incidentally, I would win attention just now; but for the latest contribution to the Tudor cycle. And, narrowing my limits still more, for only one phase of that work; a work that will have a wider and a higher popular interest in England than either of those already named. And the phrase I would choose is the one that appeals to our national character with greater force than all the rest of the book put together, incalculably valuable though that is. I mean Father Bridgett's "Life and Writings of Sir Thomas More;" and that portion of it that treats of his private life — his domestic and social life.

The traditional love of Sir Thomas More is so strong, so intensely and profoundly rooted in the hearts of Englishmen and Englishwomen, that the gravest and bitterest of animosities, religious animosity itself, has never been able to shake it. And when a little while since the head of Christendom proclaimed the beatification of our great chancellor, the leading exponent of public opinion rightly gauged English feeling in hailing the occasion as an opportunity that would be welcome to every Englishman, whatever his religious views, "for recalling to the world the fame of one whose reputation is dear to all" of us. Nay, it could even in these days of religious toleration, with a generosity for which happily there is no longer any need, safely plead excuse for

deeds of persecution — falsely attributed to him as we to-day know for certain — because, "in the face of evidence unfortunately all but overwhelming, it remains extremely difficult, through the force of the general current of the testimony of his nature to believe aught to his discredit."*

But strong and deep as this traditional and personal feeling is, it has certainly been due rather to "the force of the general current of the testimony of his nature" than to a detailed acquaintance with his character and the varied features, facts, and episodes of his busy life.

The best of all the later lives that we have hitherto had of him, Sir James Mackintosh's, is a little volume of only two hundred pages, published more than half a century ago before the great historical treasures of the Record Office were practically available to the historian, so that a really accurate knowledge of the full beauty of his life was unattainable to the general reader. And wonderfully beautiful it is, as we can see it now, in its multi-form harmonies of inward and outward graces forming one exquisitely harmonious whole. No statesman has ever before been so completely revealed in thought, word, and deed to the outer world. We have the innermost life of the man characterized by a seriousness and depth of thought, prayer, stern self-discipline, and strenuous mortification that few would have looked to find underlying the gaiety, the sparkling wit, the merry humor, the unrivalled conversational gifts that made him the first in courtly circles and the cherished companion of sovereigns; whilst, to the superficial observer, these extremes of severity and light-heartedness are found knit together by an insatiable love of learning that made him the dear friend of those who stood foremost in European fame for letters, law, and science; and tempered with a charity and unfailing sympathy that made him as judge and chancellor revered by all and trusted with absolute trust by the lowly and desolate.

And the effect of all this, in contrast to the life of the monarch that so long threatened or mingled with his, is precisely

* J. A. Froude, *History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth*.

† *Ibid.*

* *The Times*, January 7, 1887.

that which it scarcely needed the press to tell us was widely felt when recently at the Tudor Exhibition Holbein's glorious portrait of Sir Thomas More was seen hanging beside that of Henry the Eighth.

It is no accident that, in these latter days, has brought the two thus together and stamped them in their twofold images upon both our mental and bodily vision never to be effaced. Down through the centuries we shall pass them on unchanged, though

The great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change.

The tender, steadfast, high-souled chancellor and the sensual, base, and brutal monarch who not only wrought the death of the truest friend and the most loyal subject that ever walked the earth, but even sought to rob him of the peace and majesty of death, heaping on the noble head he had once delighted to caress the cruellest indignities, when (the executioner having done his work) the subtle blending of wit and gravity, of strength and tenderness, had ceased to play about the delicately chiselled mouth, and the earnest, peering, far-away look had fled from the deep blue eyes, never again to delight and charm in this world, had not the master hand of the painter friend already caught them in the full power of their pure and winning beauty and confided them to the faithful keeping of his glorious art.

The two predominant passions of Sir Thomas More, if one of so perfectly balanced a mind can be said to have had a predominant passion, were an intense and unconquerable love of liberty based on and controlled by the profoundest convictions of practical religion, and an ardent love of family seldom equalled and never surpassed. Throughout his life we find these ever to the front, and ever radiant and gleaming with the sunshine of his constant, light-hearted mirth and keen though kindly wit, the outcome of a well-bridled satire, that never failed him even in the darkest hours of his life. And scarcely second to them was his intense devotion to letters, maintained all through the long lingering gloom of his prison

days on to the very threshold of the block.

This last passion was so strongly manifest in his early days that when he was a page in the household of Cardinal Moreton, the cardinal would often remark to the nobles about him, "This child here waiting at the table, whoever shall live to see it, will prove a marvellous man." And the strength of the cardinal's conviction was shown in his placing More at Oxford probably in 1492, when he was fourteen years old.

After a brief sojourn of less than two years at the university, where he made rapid progress in Latin and Greek and gave himself up heart and soul to his studies, More had to prepare himself more rigorously for his legal career.

According to Erasmus it was the study of the fathers of the Church that first awoke in him a desire to become a priest or religious, and made him long hesitate about the legal career he adopted solely at his father's wish.

But his ardent nature made him mistrustful of himself; and, after debating the question for several years, he gave up all idea of a celibate life, and in 1505, at the age of twenty-six—the year after he entered Parliament—he married his first wife, Joan Colt, the daughter of an Essex gentleman.

Nevertheless to the end of his life a tone of regret may often be traced in his utterances for what he deemed his unworthiness for the priestly office.

Nor did he ever consider that his secular calling entitled him to relax his efforts to attain perfect self-mastery by the practice of austerities and religious exercises that in our present atmosphere of softness and cynicism would seem a remnant of mediæval fanaticism—a troublesome, hateful nightmare marring and disturbing the balance and harmony of a lovely and lovable life—did not reflection find in it another link of that mysterious and ever lengthening chain that binds us back through the ages to primitive Christianity, fulfilling its essential and unearthly mission *arguere mundum de peccato*.

The brilliant law lecturer at Furnivall's Inn, the one genius of which Britain could

then boast, as Dean Colet said, and the ornament of a society that counted Colet himself, Grocyn, Linacre, Lilly, and Erasmus amongst its members, was as regular in his practice of sacramental confession, as the handsome, fascinating, all-powerful lord chancellor was faithful in simple, abstemious living and persevering in his habit of wearing a rough hair shirt under the magnificent insignia of his office, amidst all the glare and glitter of the most luxurious court of Europe, whose splendor could not be outshone even on the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

To form some idea of what this contrast implies let any one refer to the pages of Cavendish and read his account of the style maintained by More's predecessor, Cardinal Wolsey; of the cardinal's suppers and the king's banquets at Hampton Court and Greenwich. Or to Professor Brewer's account of the king's expenses for silks, velvets, pearls, diamonds, and sables; to say nothing of those for tournaments, masques, balls, and interludes.

There may have been little romance in More's first marriage; but it was certainly distinguished by an unique manifestation of chivalrous feeling. Joan Colt was the eldest of three youthful sisters; the second, the "fairest and best favored," from the first won More's affections; but, thinking it would be a mortification to the elder to see her younger sister preferred before her, he "framed his fancy to her and soon after married her."

Four children were the fruit of this marriage — Margaret, Elizabeth, Cecily, and John. But almost before the children knew their mother she was taken from them, her union with More having lasted only six years. Much happiness, however, must have been crowded into those brief years of married life. And knowing as we do from Erasmus the affectionate care that More took to have his young wife — *uxorcula Mori* as he tenderly called her in his own epitaph twenty years after her death — "instructed in learning and especially in all musical accomplishments," it is impossible not to trace fond memories of her in his graceful lines to Candidus, *Qualis uxor deligenda*.

Soon after the death of his first wife More married Alice Middleton, a widow. It has been the fashion to speak of this marriage as an ill-assorted one; the reverse is now shown to have been the case.

Alice Middleton was, it is true, neither young nor handsome — *nec bella nec puella* — in fact she was seven years More's senior. But if she were somewhat over-

careful and with a strain of worldliness in her character foreign to that of More, she was a dutiful wife to him and a watchful mother to his motherless children. And I think that Erasmus might justly have added to his praise of the "active, vigilant housewife," with whom his dearest More lived "as pleasantly and sweetly as if she had all the charms of youth," without in any way detracting from the "playful flattery and address" that he so heartily appreciated in the husband. "You will scarcely find a husband," he wrote in 1519 to Ulrich von Hutten, "who by authority or severity has gained such ready compliance as More by playful flattery. What, indeed, would he not attain when he has prevailed on a woman already getting old, by no means of a pliable disposition, and intent upon domestic affairs, to learn to play the harp, the lute, the monochord, and the flute, and by the appointment of her husband to devote to this task a fixed time every day?"

But a letter of Erasmus written two years later to the French statesman Budé is still more interesting; and has a special significance in these days when the question of the higher education of women occupies such a prominent place in private and public discussion.

In this letter, after alluding to the generosity of More to the learned in helping them even when he himself was in debt, Erasmus goes on to describe his still greater generosity in imparting the riches of learning to his own children — to his daughters: "Nor does he adorn letters merely by his own learning or his partiality for learned men, for he has reared his whole family in excellent studies — *a new example*, but one which is likely to be much imitated, unless I mistake, so successful has it been."

And then we have a description of the household, including his three daughters; of whom the eldest, Margaret, then barely fifteen years of age, was already married to Roper; Margaret Gigs, an adopted daughter; his beautiful, clever step-daughter, together with her husband; and his youngest child John, then about eleven.

A year ago [he continues] it occurred to More to send me a specimen of their progress in study. He bade them all write to me, each one without any help, neither the subject being suggested, nor the language corrected; for, when they offered their papers to their father for correction, he affected to be displeased with the bad writing, and made them copy out their letters more neatly and accu-

ately. When they had done so, he closed the letters and sent them to me without changing a syllable. Believe me, dear Budée, I never was more surprised; there was nothing whatever either silly or girlish in what was said, and the style was such that you could feel they were making daily progress. This amiable circle, with the two husbands, all live in his house. In that house you will find no one idle, no one busied in feminine trifles. Titus Livius is ever in their hands. They have advanced so far that they can read such authors and understand them without a translation, unless there occurs some such word as would perhaps perplex myself. His wife, who excels in good sense and experience rather than in learning, governs the little company with wonderful tact, assigning to each a task, and requiring its performance, allowing no one to be idle or to be occupied in trifles.

The extreme pains that Sir Thomas More took to secure such good results in the training of his children is shown in a letter to William Gunnell, a learned Cambridge don, who acted some time as tutor in his family; and it fully justifies Father Bridgett's observation that More will ever stand foremost in the ranks of the defenders of female culture. Here, as in everything else he wrote, More was far in advance of his day—nay, even of ours. Indeed, so large-minded and important are all the letters bearing on the education of his family, whether written to his children directly or to their tutors, that it needs no little thought and considerable restraint to select passages here and there for illustration in face of the desire to dwell on every one.

The letter to Gunnell begins with acknowledgments for his devotion to his pupils, and then, having specially commended a letter of Elizabeth's for the gentleness and self-command displayed in it, More continues:—

Let her understand that such conduct delights me more than all possible letters I could receive from any one. Though I prefer learning joined with virtue to all the treasures of kings, yet renowned for learning, when it is not united with a good life, is nothing else than splendid and notorious infamy: this would be specially the case in a woman. Since erudition in women is a new thing and a reproach to the sloth of men, many will gladly assail it, and impute to literature what is really the fault of nature, thinking from the vices of the learned to get their own ignorance esteemed as virtue. On the other hand, if a woman (and this I desire and hope with you, as their teacher, for all my daughters) to eminent virtue should add an outwork of even moderate skill in literature, I think she will have more real profit than if she had obtained the riches

of Cræsus and the beauty of Helen. I do not say this because of the glory which will be hers, though glory follows virtue as a shadow follows a body, but because the reward of wisdom is too solid to be lost like riches or to decay like beauty, since it depends on the intimate conscience of what is right, not on the talk of men, than which nothing is more foolish or mischievous. . . .

I have dwelt so much on this matter, my dear Gunnell, because of what you say in your letter, that Margaret's lofty character should not be abased. In this judgment I quite agree with you; but to me, and, no doubt to you also, that man would seem to abase a generous character, who should accustom it to admire what is vain and low. . . .

Therefore, my dear Gunnell, I have often begged you . . . to warn my children to avoid the precipices of pride and haughtiness, and to walk in the pleasant meadows of modesty . . . to put virtue in the first place, learning in the second; and in their studies to esteem most whatever may teach them piety towards God, charity to all, and modesty and Christian humility in themselves. . . .

Nor do I think that the harvest will be much affected whether it is a man or a woman who sows the field. They both have the same human nature, which reason differentiates from that of beasts; both, therefore, are equally suited for those studies by which reason is perfected, and becomes fruitful like a ploughed land on which the seed of good lessons has been sown. If it be true that the soil of woman's brain be bad, and apter to bear bracken than corn, by which saying many keep women from study, I think, on the contrary, that a woman's wit is, on that account, all the more diligently to be cultivated, that nature's defect may be redressed by industry. This was the opinion of the ancients, of those who were most prudent as well as most holy. Not to speak of the rest, St. Jerome and St. Augustine not only exhorted excellent matrons and most noble virgins to study, but also, in order to assist them, diligently explained the abstruse meanings of Holy Scripture, and wrote for tender girls letters replete with so much erudition, that nowadays old men, who call themselves professors of sacred science, can scarcely read them correctly, much less understand them. Do you, my learned Gunnell, have the kindness to see that my daughters thoroughly learn these works of those holy men. . . .

I fancy I hear you object that these precepts, though true, are beyond the capacity of my young children, since you will scarcely find a man, however old and advanced, whose mind is so firmly set as not to be tickled sometimes with desire of glory. But, dear Gunnell, the more I see the difficulty of getting rid of this pest of pride, the more do I see the necessity of setting to work at it from childhood. . . . That this plague of vainglory may be banished far from my children, I do desire that you, my dear Gunnell, and their mother

and all their friends, would sing this song to them, and repeat it, and beat it into their heads, that vainglory is a thing despicable, and to be spit upon; and that there is nothing more sublime than that humble modesty so often praised by Christ. . . . If you will teach something of this sort, in addition to their lesson in Sallust — to Margaret and Elizabeth as being more advanced than John and Cecily — you will bind me and them still more to you. And thus you will bring about that my children, who are dear to me by nature, and still more dear by learning and virtue, will become most dear by that advance in knowledge and good conduct. Adieu. — From the Court on the Vigil of Pentecost.

In another letter from the court addressed to his children, More again dwells on the love their zeal for knowledge and their progress in virtue and learning begot in him: —

Thomas More to his whole school, —

See what a compendious salutation I have found, to save both time and paper, which would otherwise have been wasted in reciting the names of each one of you, and my labor would have been to no purpose, since, though each one of you is dear to me by some special title, of which I could have omitted none in a set and formal salutation, no one is dearer to me by any title than each one of you by that of scholar. Your zeal for knowledge binds me to you almost more closely than the ties of blood. I rejoice that Mr. Drew has returned safe, for I was anxious, as you know, about him. If I did not love you so much, I should be really envious of your happiness in having so many and such excellent tutors. But I think you have no longer any need of Mr. Nicholas, since you have learnt whatever he had to teach you about astronomy. I hear you are so far advanced in that science that you can not only point out the polar star or the dog star, or any of the constellations, but are able also — which requires a skilful and profound astrologer — among all those leading heavenly bodies, to distinguish the sun from the moon. Go forward, then, in that new and admirable science by which you ascend to the stars. But while you gaze on them assiduously, consider that this holy time of Lent warns you, and that beautiful and holy poem of Boetius keeps singing in your ears, to raise your mind also to heaven, lest the soul look downwards to the earth, after the manner of brutes, while the body looks upwards. Farewell, my dearest. — From Court, the 23rd of March.

His letter on letter-writing, to the same school, is still more interesting, and is an impressive instance of how the busy statesman, when bodily at the court, was in heart and mind at home, and esteemed no care too minute to insure a perfect foundation for the education that was to

enable his children to fitly discharge their duties in life.

His only boy John came in for the special meed of praise on this occasion, because of the length and matter of his letter and the care he had given to writing it — exceptional features, apparently, in his letters — and accordingly they furnish the text for the father's letter on letter-writing: —

Now I expect from each of you a letter almost every day. I will not admit such excuses as John is wont to make, want of time, sudden departure of the letter-carrier, or want of something to write about. . . . One thing, however, I admonish you: whether you write serious matters or the merest trifles, it is my wish that you write everything diligently and thoughtfully. It will be no harm if you first write the whole in English, for then you will have much less trouble in turning it into Latin; not having to look for the matter, your mind will be intent only on the language. That, however, I leave to your own choice, whereas I strictly enjoin you that, whatever you have composed, you carefully examine before writing it out clean; and in this examination, first scrutinize the whole sentence, and then every part of it. Thus, if any solecisms have escaped you, you will easily detect them. Correct these, write out the whole letter again, and even then examine it once more, for sometimes, in re-writing, faults slip in again that one had expunged. By this diligence your little trifles will become serious matters; for, while there is nothing so neat and witty that will not be made insipid by silly and inconsiderate loquacity, so also there is nothing in itself so insipid that you cannot season with grace and wit, if you give a little thought to it. Farewell, my dear children. — From the Court, the 3rd of September.

There can scarcely be a question that in this letter Sir Thomas More was inculcating his own method in the matter of writing. And how like, in this respect, was the father of English prose — for the father of English oratory was also the father of English prose — to the master of English prose whom we lost only the other day. Cardinal Newman, equally with Sir Thomas More, was endowed with the genius of taking pains — by no means the sole trait of resemblance between the great English chancellor of the sixteenth century and the great English cardinal of the nineteenth; and it is well known that his exquisitely easy style was the result of infinite labor. We have it in his own words. In a letter on style, written in 1869, and to be found in his lately published "Letters and Correspondence," he states it as a simple fact that he had been

obliged to take great pains with everything he had written :—

I often write chapters over and over again, besides innumerable corrections and interlinear additions. . . . My one and single desire has been to do what is so difficult, viz., to express clearly and exactly my meaning; this has been the motive principle of all my corrections and re-writings. When I have read over a passage which I had written a few days before, I have found it so obscure to myself, that I have either put it altogether aside or fiercely corrected it; but I don't get any better for practice. I am as much obliged to correct and re-write, as I was thirty years ago.

That this fastidiousness never left him I have proof in more than one letter that he wrote me. In 1879, for example, when he was seeing a new edition of one of his works through the press, he spoke of the difficulty of getting through his "heap of letters," "with printers on me with their *slips, proofs, and revises.*" A day or two after he wrote: "Sometimes I cut out a whole sentence—sometimes a score of words or phrases go, scattered over a page." And at the end of 1880, referring to the same work (then only drawing to a close), he said: "Here I have been two years at my second edition . . . and yet it is difficult to find out one new sentence of any importance in the whole book."

But to end my digression and return to Sir Thomas More's letters to his school.

Even when Margaret—the Ornament of Britain, as Erasmus called her—was married, he abated nothing of his interest in her studies. And women especially will delight in and marvel at the letter urging upon her the continued pursuit of medical science, in words that Cardinal Gibbons himself, after a lapse of nearly four hundred years, could not surpass for liberality of mind and breadth of view.* It is a letter that henceforth must strengthen the hands of all who truly appreciate the social issues involved in the education of women. I quote two brief passages from it :—

My darling Margaret, — I indeed have never found you idling, and your unusual learning in almost every kind of literature shows that you have been making active progress. So I take your words as an example of the great modesty that makes you prefer to accuse yourself falsely of sloth, rather than to boast of your diligence; unless your meaning is that

you will give yourself so earnestly to study, that your past industry will seem like indolence by comparison. If this is your meaning, nothing could be more delightful to me, or more fortunate, my sweetest daughter, for you.

Though I earnestly hope that you will devote the rest of your life to medical science and sacred literature, so that you may be well furnished for the whole scope of human life, which is to have a healthy soul in a healthy body, and I know that you have already laid the foundations of these studies, and there will be always opportunity to continue the building; yet I am of opinion that you may, with great advantage, give some years of your yet flourishing youth to humane letters and liberal studies. . . . Farewell again, salute your whole company, but especially your tutor.

It would be contrary to general experience of the course of things had such minute care, such constant efforts and ceaseless thought for those dependent on him received no visible reward. And reward they had in abundant measure in the home blessings with which Sir Thomas More was pre-eminently blessed.

In an exhaustive investigation of the documents of the time, his latest biographer has not found one solitary example of More's seeking advancement either in honors or wealth. Nay, he satirized diplomacy while Machiavelli was exalting it to the dignity of a system; in word and deed he withstood kings who encroached on the liberties of the people, and checked the people who would substitute license for liberty; and with an insight, an originality, and a daring unprecedented in his day, he enunciated the duties of the sovereign as honestly as he proclaimed the rights of the subject. Nevertheless, kings coveted his friendship, churchmen took counsel with him, ambassadors honored him, merchants trusted in him, and the people loved him. His own sovereign never rested till he made him second only to himself in the kingdom. Nor did he rest here, he craved More's companionship in private life, and, "upon holidays when he had done his own devotions, used to send for him into his traverse, and there sometimes in matters of astronomy, geometry, divinity, and such other faculties, and sometimes of his worldly affairs, to sit and converse with him. And otherwhile in the night would he have him up into his leads, there to consider with him the diversities, courses, motions, and operations of the stars and planets." And so great was the charm and fascination of his conversation, "no man's was gayer," that it pleased the king

* Writing in February last year to the *Century* magazine on the opening of the Johns Hopkins Medical School to women, Cardinal Gibbons said: "But I wish to emphasize as strongly as possible the moral influence of such a body [*i.e.*, an adequate number of well-trained female physicians], than which there could be no more potent factor in the moral regeneration of society."

and queen "after the Council had supped, yea, at the time of their supper, to send for him to be merry with them."

But, in the words of Erasmus, More shrank from court as much as other men sought it; and to get to his wife and children, to his cherished home, the joys of which he himself had so largely created and formed, he had recourse to a characteristic device. Little by little in the king's presence he restrained his mirth, stopped the flow of his humor, and suppressed the brilliant sallies of his wit, till he seemed a dull companion incapable of contributing any longer to the delight of the gay court, and so "was of them henceforth no more so ordinarily sent for at such seasons." How many men do any of us know, willing to hide their gifts and play the dullard, not merely in ordinary society, but in the innermost circle of a splendid court, in order to be quit of it? He is a rare man who keeps his best things, his *bon mots*, for the home circle.

Only for a while, however, did More's device succeed; royal favor pursued him into the sanctuary of his home at Chelsea; and there without warning the king would seek him out "to be merry with him."

On one occasion when Henry visited him in this unceremonious fashion he stayed to dine with him, and after dinner walked an hour in the garden with him with his arm around his neck. When Roper, delighted at such condescending familiarity on the part of the king, congratulated his father-in-law on the singular favor, such "as I never had seen him do to any other, except Cardinal Wolsey, whom I saw his Grace walk once with arm in arm," Sir Thomas replied: "I thank our Lord, son, I find his Grace my very good lord indeed, and I believe he doth as singularly favor me as any subject within this realm. Howbeit, son Roper, I may tell thee, I have no cause to be proud thereof, for if my head would win him a castle in France (for then was there war betwixt us), it should not fail to go." A remark plainly showing that it was no passing fancy of the moment that prompted him in the "Utopia" when he portrayed a king who thought he held the lives of his subjects at his pleasure.

How the warmth of More's home affections overflowed in friendship outside them the name alone of Erasmus is sufficient to recall. And of its sterling character there has never, I think, been a more striking example adduced than the De Brie incident; an incident trifling enough in itself, but extremely annoying in fact.

De Brie made a bitter attack upon More for some sharp epigrams relating to a naval episode of the war between France and England in 1512. The epigrams, circulated at first in MS. and privately only, were originally called forth by De Brie's glorification of the French for their part in the episode. When, later on, these anti-French epigrams were, against More's wish, included by Erasmus and other friends in a printed collection, De Brie was furious and wrote his attack ridiculing the whole collection. Erasmus, the friend of both, having failed to prevent De Brie publishing, next endeavored to dissuade More from retaliating. Other friends, however, had meantime persuaded him to a contrary course; and his answer was printed, and five copies sold, when he received Erasmus's letter. At once he stopped the sale, and wrote to Erasmus:

So far as I am concerned, you can easily arrange the matter, for though without any reason he has so treated me as to show that the only thing wanting to him for my destruction is ability, yet since you, Erasmus, are more than half of myself, the fact that De Brie is your friend will weigh more with me than that he is my enemy.

It would be greatly to misunderstand the character of Sir Thomas More to suppose that, because he shunned the court, disregarded honors, forswore the pride of life, and kept himself unspotted from the world, his was necessarily a placid, passionless temperament, free from the three-fold temptations that ordinary human nature is subject to. Sir Thomas More was intensely, if royally, human; and his equanimity in all the vicissitudes of life — prosperity and adversity, friendship and betrayal, joy and sorrow — which blossomed into majestic calm at the supreme hour of death, was the fruit of a course deliberately adopted and unceasingly pursued with the irresistible power of a strong will and a generous nature. In the "Dialogue of Comfort against Tribulation," written in the Tower, he evidently describes himself in a beautiful passage pointing out the means by which "a man may keep himself humble in a state of honor and prosperity;" a passage unfortunately too long for quotation now.

From the time of the king's "great matter" (as the question of Henry's divorce from Queen Catherine was called) it becomes less easy to view apart the private and public life of More. And in the familiar correspondence of Erasmus with More, "dearest of mortals," we learn that, on the Continent, statesmen and church-

men were even more anxious for authentic information on the chancellor's rumored resignation than previously they had been stirred and delighted by his promotion to office.

More's mode of breaking the news to his wife — when at last Henry's action with regard to the divorce obliged him, for conscience' sake, to resign — was as pathetic as it was humorous. His son-in-law Roper tells the tale: —

Whereas upon the holy days during his high chancellorship, one of his gentlemen, when service at the church [the little Chelsea church that so many of us pass or see every day or week of our lives] was done, ordinarily used to come to my lady his wife's pew door, and say unto her, "Madam, my lord is gone;" the next holy day after the surrender of his office, and departure of his gentlemen from him, he came unto my lady his wife's pew himself, and making a low courtesy, said unto her, "Madam, my lord is gone." But she, thinking this at first to be one of his jests, was little moved, till he told her sadly that he had given up the great seal.

It is easy to imagine that her disappointment at the news scarcely disposed poor Lady More to appreciate her husband's light-heartedness on the occasion, and even made her momentarily resent it with warmth; but to take *au pied de la lettre*, and judge by our present standard of gentle manners, Roper's description of either her anger or Sir Thomas More's consequent banter would be both a literary and a psychological blunder.

Having provided for all his gentlemen and yeomen, and placed his eight watermen with his successor Lord Audley, to whom he gave his great barge, Sir Thomas summoned all his family together and took counsel with them as to their future life, in the hope that, notwithstanding his greatly reduced income, they might be able to arrange to continue together.

But the family circle was broken up and scattered; and though Margaret and her husband remained in Chelsea, they no longer lived in her father's house.

Repeatedly in private, and on two great public occasions, *i.e.*, at the installation of More's successor, to the chancellorship, and again on the assembling of Parliament, Henry declared that it was only with extreme reluctance that he acceded to Sir Thomas More's request to retire. And there was every outward appearance that the former favorite minister was as high as ever in his esteem and affection. But More knew the king's character, and,

whilst hoping for the best, was not misled by appearances.

Availing himself to the utmost of the personal liberty he had secured, he avoided the court as much as possible; and, content in his poverty, devoted himself eagerly to his books and favorite pursuits; though keenly observant meanwhile of all that was going forward in the outer world, his estimation of the dangerous current of which, future events only too completely justified.

His old colleagues and acquaintances, however, were not willing to leave him alone in the quiet pursuit of his own course. And the bishops begged him to be present with them at the coronation of Anne Boleyn; and at the same time pressed upon him a gift of 20*l.* to buy him a gown for the occasion. He acceded to part of their request, and accepted the 20*l.*, because the bishops were rich and he was poor; but the invitation to accompany them he declined, because he foresaw that the bishops were in danger of losing their honor first and being destroyed afterwards, whereas, destroyed though he might be, he was determined he would not be dishonored.

And now, fully aware of the peril in which he stood, he, whilst scrupulously abstaining from all opposition to the king's will but what conscience absolutely required, redoubled his watchful solicitude for those at home, and strove at the same time that he prepared himself to prepare them for the heavy troubles his prevision saw were coming upon them.

The quick succession of events confirmed his forebodings and proved his knowledge of the king's character.

Not two short years after his resignation of the great seal, More, the most loyal of subjects and the truest of men, was, at the command of the king, who held absolute proofs of his loyalty, arraigned before the colleagues he had lately led and ruled as second in power to the sovereign himself, on a charge of misprision of treason — a crime involving confiscation of all property, besides imprisonment at the king's pleasure. His petition to be heard by the Lords and the petition of the Lords to hear him were refused; and Cranmer, Audley, the Duke of Norfolk, and Cromwell were deputed to hear him instead.

At this interview Sir Thomas More's steadfastness, calmness, and clearness of judgment never forsook him. But that he had anxiously faced the Council, knowing what awful issues hung in the balance, and, in his touching humility, had mis-

trusted his own fortitude, are shown by his words to his son-in-law on their way back to Chelsea, when, everything having gone against him with his prejudiced judges minutely and categorically instructed by the king, he was in such good spirits that Roper thought he had gained his discharge.

When he was landed and come home, there walked we twain alone in his garden together, where I, desirous to know how he had sped, said, "I trust, sir, that all is well because you are so merry?" "It is so indeed, son Roper, I thank God," quoth he. "Are you then put out of the bill?" quoth I. "By my troth, son Roper," quoth he, "I never remembered it." "Never remembered it," said I, "a cause that toucheth yourself too near, and all of us for your sake? I am sorry to hear it, for I verily trusted, when I saw you so merry, that all had been well." Then said he, "Wilt thou know, son Roper, why I was so merry? In good faith, I rejoiced that I had given the devil a foul fall, and that with those lords I had gone as far as, without great shame, I could never go back again." At which words waxed I very sad, for though himself liked it well, yet liked it we but little.

There we learn the temper of the man's innermost soul; he rejoiced and was "merry," notwithstanding all the sensitiveness to pain of a keen imagination and a highly strung nature, because he had irrevocably pledged himself and thereby committed himself to death.

Henry's anger at the result of the interview was such that not even the assurance of the lord chancellor and others, that the Lords of the upper House were so bent on hearing More in his own defence that if he were not put out of the bill it would entail an utter overthrow of all, moved him in his stubborn determination that the bill of attainder should proceed; and it was not until Lord Audley and the rest besought him on their knees to remember the contempt he would incur not only with his own subjects, but throughout Christendom, that he relented.

But More was not deceived by this temporary yielding on the part of the king. And when Margaret Roper told him of it, he simply said, "*Meg, quod differtur non aufertur.*"

For a moment his innocence and loyalty stood confessed in the face of the world. But meantime the king was busy planning a fresh and more deadly trap for his old friend. And it was quickly disclosed in the Act of Succession; a measure devised and afterwards strained to force a compromising oath on the Catholic conscience of England in defiance of the decision of the

recognized head of the universal church in favor of the king's marriage with Catherine of Arragon. But what might not be looked for from any people, any Parliament that could be brought into such abject subjection to the will of one man, that by the time he had "educated" them there was no "lower deep" of cringing servility for them to fall into. "When the Duke of Suffolk opened Parliament," Dr. Stubbs writes, "all the members, every time the king's name occurred, bowed until their heads all but touched the ground."*

On the 12th of April, 1534, Sir Thomas More was summoned to appear the next morning before the royal commissioners at Lambeth to take the new oath. On that morning, in the words of Roper, an eye-witness:—

Sir Thomas More, as his accustomed manner always was ere he entered into any matter of importance (as when he was first chosen of the Privy Council, when he was sent Ambassador, appointed speaker of the Parliament house, made Lord Chancellor, or when he took any other like weighty matter upon him), to go to church to be confessed, to hear mass, and to be houseled; so did he likewise in the morning, early the selfsame day that he was summoned to appear before the lords at Lambeth. And whereas he evermore used before, at his departure from his wife and children, whom he tenderly loved, to have them bring him to his boat, and there to kiss them and bid them all farewell, then would he suffer none of them forth the gate to follow him, but pulled the wicket after him, and shut them all from him; and with a heavy heart, as by his countenance it appeared, with me and our four servants took boat towards Lambeth. Wherein sitting still sadly a while, at the last he suddenly rounded me in the ear and said, "Son Roper, I thank our Lord the field is won." What he meant thereby I then wist not, yet, loth to seem ignorant, I answered, "Sir, I am therefore glad." But, as I conjectured afterward, it was for that the love he had to God wrought in him so effectually, that he conquered all his carnal affection utterly.

How tremendous had been the struggle in More's heart and mind—how he had viewed the subject from every point of view; faced the humiliation of fear; grappled, reasoned with it till he made it rebound to his glory, must be read elsewhere in his own pathetic words.

Every effort was strained, subtle arguments, threats, promises, the honored and authoritative names of those who had sub-

* Stubbs, Lectures on the Study of Mediæval and Modern History.

scribed were used, to make him take the oath that was ultimately to commit England to a total renunciation of the authority of the Holy See and destroy the unity of Christendom.

The result of the long, vexatious, harassing interrogation was that for four days Sir Thomas was placed in the custody of the Abbot of Westminster, whilst the king consulted with his Council what his next step should be. Afterwards, on the 17th of April, he, like his dear friend Bishop Fisher, was illegally committed to the Tower. "I may tell thee, Meg," he wrote to his daughter, "they that have committed me hither for refusing of this oath, not agreeable with their statute, are not by their own law able to justify mine imprisonment." More's charge of the illegality of his imprisonment was confirmed by the after conduct of the government in forcing from Parliament a fresh statute to embrace the unwarranted additions with which in the oath tendered to More they pretended to interpret the Act of Succession. More never refused the Oath of Succession pure and simple, since the act, as it was originally passed, did not include an Oath of Supremacy, for the refusal of which both More and Fisher were attainted of misprision of treason; and, as Father Bridgett points out, the best legal authorities of modern times entirely accept More's view and show that, apart from all considerations of conscience, he was fully and legally justified in refusing the oath into which the commissioners had foisted the question of the pope's and the king's supremacy.

From the 17th of April, 1534, began the weariful imprisonment which ended only on the day when he was cruelly done to death in July, 1535. And from the 1st of May, 1534, to May, 1535, when the last trials which terminated in his judicial murder began, the life of Sir Thomas More was one dreary, monotonous course, broken only by the constant activity of his energetic mind, and such variations as sickness, sharp pangs of pain, cramping cold, and pinching poverty—gradually wasting and wearing out his bodily strength, though leaving his spirit unbroken, and his intellectual powers untouched—caused.

Once or twice only his wife was allowed to visit him; and Margaret Roper moved heaven and earth to gain the like concession. Lady More, poor soul, was sore perplexed that Sir Thomas could not do as so many others in high places had done, and subscribe the oath. She had seen,

not only feather-headed courtiers, but prelates, men of learning and reputation, yield; and she could not understand why her husband could not do the same, and thereby relieve them all from the misery and poverty that daily pressed heavier upon them. But her kindly meant, if sharp and impatient, reminders of his "right fair house" at Chelsea, and his library, and gallery, and garden, and herself and their children and household, together with his liberty, and the favor and good-will of both king and Council, all awaiting him, instead of a close and filthy prison with rats and mice for company, could not touch his resolution though they may have moved his tender heart with the bright and happy memories they awakened. So Lady More bravely continued her self-denials, till she was even reduced to selling her apparel to provide the weekly pay for the prison board of her husband and his servant. To such straits had the confiscation of Sir Thomas's property by the king reduced his family.

But far more difficult to meet than the pleas of the faithful wife must have been the arguments, *suade medulla*, with which both by word and letter his devoted, highly gifted daughter endeavored to induce him to reconsider his decision. She, it is said, had been permitted to take the oath with the saving clause, "as far as it would stand with the law of God," which the government occasionally connived at. Sometimes he would answer her representations with his old playfulness, and rally her on her devices to cajole him into yielding; and then falling into a grave tone would earnestly show her how impossible it was for him to change.

On one occasion when she took him a letter of Lady Alington's relating her efforts with Audley on her stepfather's behalf, and told him that his persistence was alienating his friends, he replied with a smile: "What, Mistress Eve! hath my daughter Alington played the serpent with you, and with a letter set you at work to come and tempt your father again, and for the favor that you bear him, labor to make him swear against his conscience?" Then, moved by the knowledge of his perilous position and the sense of his personal responsibility, he went on seriously and earnestly: "Daughter Margaret, we two have talked of this thing more than twice or thrice, and I have told you that if it were possible for me to do the thing that might content the king's grace and God not offended, no man had taken this oath more gladly than I would do." Hav-

ing read Lady Alington's letter twice very carefully, and spoken very lovingly of her, he scattered to the winds Audley's charge that he was obstinate in his own conceit in a matter that no one scrupled at save the blind bishop and he; and, with great vigor showing why he would "never pin his soul at another man's back," not even the best at that day living, and that so far from being in the minority, the majority of Christendom thought with him, he concluded by emphatically repeating what he had said before the commissioners in April, 1534, when they refused to guarantee his safety: "But, Margaret, for what cause I refuse the oath I will never show you, neither you nor nobody else, except the king's highness should like to command me. I have refused, and do refuse the oath for more causes than one." This was the second time he alluded—in all he made allusion five or six times to them—to the secret causes of his refusal to take the oath, the king only, apparently, besides himself knowing them.

I wish it were possible to give in its entirety the dialogue of this interview between the father and daughter—the varying shades of its pathos and playfulness, its tenderness and firmness are beyond description; but it cannot be. And I dare add only one or two passages more from it.

Seeing Margaret, when the discussion had ended, sitting sadly pensive, he smiled as more than once he had, and said, "How now, daughter Margaret? What now, Mother Eve? Where is your mind now? Sit not musing with some serpent in your breast, upon some new persuasion to offer Father Adam the apple yet once again." "In good faith, father," replied Margaret, "I can no further go. For since the example of so many wise men cannot move you, I see not what to say more unless I should look to persuade you with the reason that Master Harry Pattenson made. [Pattenson had been More's fool, and was then in the service of the lord mayor.] For," continued Margaret, "he met one day one of our men, and when he had asked where you were, and heard that you were in the Tower still, he waxed angry with you, and said, 'Why? What aileth him that he will not swear? Wherefore should he stick to swear? I have sworn the oath myself.' And so," said Margaret, "have I sworn." At this More laughed and said, "That word was like Eve, too, for she offered Adam no worse fruit than she had eaten herself."

Then a while after he told Margaret,

who had recounted Cromwell's threat against his life, that though no man could do him hurt without doing him wrong, and he trusted that God would not suffer the king thus to requite the long service of his true and faithful servant, "Yet, since nothing is impossible, I forgot not in this matter the counsel of Christ in the Gospel that ere I should begin to build this castle for the safeguard of mine own soul, I should sit and reckon what the charge would be. I counted, Margaret, full surely many a restless weary night, while my wife slept, and thought I slept too, what peril were possible to fall to me; and in devising I had a full, heavy heart. But yet I thank our Lord for all that I never thought to change, though the very uttermost should happen to me that my fear ran upon."

Then Margaret, driven almost to desperation by her affection, and clinging to the hope that her father might yet in conscience be able to alter his decision, collected all her strength to persuade him to pause ere it should be too late to change. "Too late, daughter Margaret! I beseech our Lord that if ever I make such a change it may be too late indeed; for well I wot the change cannot be good for my soul." Then melting again into his habitual tenderness he spoke of his unbounded trust in God either to prevent his falling, or even to raise him up should he chance to fall like Peter, ending with these words: "And finally, Margaret, this I wot very well, that, without my fault, he will not let me be lost. I shall therefore, with good hope, commit myself wholly to him; and if he suffer me for my faults to perish, yet shall I thus serve for a praise of his justice. But in good faith, Meg, I trust that his tender pity shall keep my poor soul safe, and make me commend his mercy. And therefore, mine own good daughter, never trouble thy mind for anything that shall happen to me in this world. Nothing can come but what God wills!" He concluded by exhorting all his family to be resigned, to remain united, and to pray for him, "And if anything happen to me that you would be loth, pray to God for me, but trouble not yourselves; as I shall full heartily pray for us all, that we may meet together once in heaven, where we shall make merry forever, and never have trouble after."

Wonderfully beautiful is the scene, that centuries leave unchanged to us, of St. Augustine and his mother looking out upon the garden of Ostia under the sunny skies of Italy, and discoursing for almost

the last time on the profoundest mysteries that have ever exercised the human intellect. But still more beautiful, even this brief summary will show, is the scene of the father and daughter in the dark cell of the gloomy Tower of London, the one nobly preparing for a cruel death, the other striving her utmost to save him from it. Truly has it been said that in the acts of the martyrs no nobler scene can be found.

At the end of a weary year's imprisonment Sir Thomas More was subjected to further persecuting examinations, on the strength of the two acts of Parliament, to which he ultimately owed his death, passed in November, 1534, during a session of the very Parliament that in the height of his worldly glory he himself opened but five years before. Of the badgering and baiting he underwent at the hands of Cromwell on the last day of April, 1535, we have the details in another touching letter to Margaret. On receiving this letter, Margaret once more, after earnest suit, obtained leave to see her father.

The day of her visit fell on the day of the execution of the Carthusians; and she and her father standing at the window saw them going to death as "cheerfully as bridegrooms to their marriage." This was on the 4th of May.

In May also he and Fisher were again subjected to harassing interrogations; and again, apparently on the 3rd of June, Cranmer, the Duke of Suffolk, the Earl of Wiltshire, Audley, and Cromwell between them exhausted every artifice of threat and flattery to make More commit himself or yield and take the oath. Failing in this, a further effort was made to effect his ruin under the guise of treason through his then discovered correspondence with Bishop Fisher. But no treason could be manufactured out of it. His books, however, and all his writing materials were taken from him, and he was absolutely cut off from all communication with the outer world. Still his cheerfulness remained undimmed; and when the lieutenant of the Tower, finding him sitting in the dark with the shutters of his narrow window closed, asked the reason, he replied laughingly that as the wares were all gone the shop windows might as well be shut.

Yet still by stealth, his great-grandson Cresacre More says, "he would get little pieces of paper, in which he would write divers letters with a coal, of which my father left me one which I account as a precious jewel."

The record of the trial, which must

make Englishmen burn with shame till the day of doom, belongs to the pages of our most public history; from which nothing can blot out "the judicial murder," "the blackest crime that has ever been perpetrated in England under the form of law," as Lord Campbell accurately defined this exhibition of the damnable characteristic of the Tudors to assume the cloak of legality when perpetrating their worst crimes.

The Carthusians had found rest, and More's dear friend Cardinal Fisher had also found rest, when on the 1st of July, 1535, the once royally arrayed and glorious chancellor was "led out as a criminal from prison, in sordid dress and gown, old not by the lapse of years, but by the squalor and sufferings of his dungeon . . . his head made white by long confinement . . . his weak and broken body leaning on a staff, and even so scarcely able to stand, and dragged along the way that led to the place of trial, or rather of certain condemnation." So Cardinal Pole has described him in these last days.

His answer to the tedious indictment was in perfect conformity with his life whether in prison or on the judgment seat. His calmness, his sagacity, his unrivalled legal knowledge, his restrained eloquence, all had their place in his categorical review of the confusedly intricate charges brought against him. But, of course, in vain; he was declared guilty of death, and the lord chancellor passed sentence that he should die at Tyburn with all the infamous brutalities then inflicted on traitors—a sentence that for very shame the king afterwards commuted into beheading on Tower Hill.

Exquisitely touching is Roper's narrative of the events that followed. In that hour, the only one, it would seem, who preserved his composure, and solaced the grief of others at his afflictions, was More himself. He never once faltered, never once lost the perfect calm of his demeanor; whatever may have been wanting to the perfection of his free spirit had been won during his imprisonment. Sir William Kingston, constable of the Tower, a tall, strong, and comely knight, wept as he bade him farewell on his way back to Westminster. And we have it on the word of Erasmus that the very guards shed tears when Margaret, the darling daughter, made her way through the mixed crowd, burst through the throng of men armed with pikes and halberds, and, clasping her father in her arms, kissed him again and again, and hung about his neck forgetful of every one and everything but

him and the last blessing she would receive from him.

The day before his death, the 5th of July, in his last letter (written with a charred stick) to Margaret, in which he bade farewell to each and all of his family and household, sending in gift such poor things as yet remained to him—a handkerchief to this one, a little parchment picture to another, his hair shirt to the daughter of his heart, and his blessing to all—he said:—

I never liked your manner towards me better than when you kissed me last; for I love, when daughterly love and dear charity hath no leisure to look to worldly courtesy. Farewell, my dear child, and pray for me, and I shall for you and all your friends, that we may merrily meet in heaven.

When early on the 6th of July Sir Thomas Pope, an old friend, sent by the king, came to announce that he must die that morning before nine o'clock, he thanked him for the news he brought him, and besought him "to be a mean to his Highness that my daughter Margaret may be at my burial." Learning that the king had already conceded that "his wife and children and other friends should be at liberty to be present thereat," he moved Sir Thomas Pope to tears by his expression of gratitude to "his Grace that unto my poor burial vouchsafeth to have so gracious consideration." And once again it was the man of sensitive, highly wrought temperament, physically worn out by sickness and imprisonment, and fronting a cruel death, who was the comforter. The struggle with nature was over for him. He had passed through his agony in the garden in the long hours of wakeful nights and the dreary solitude of his prison cell. Nay, even in the heyday of his brilliant youth he had familiarized himself with the thoughts of a violent death. And now, "willingly not wilfully," he went to meet it for conscience' sake with so great a calm and with so minutely explicit an assent to its full meaning interpreted in its highest sense, that—just as in old times on the great festivals of the Church he had been wont to put on his best apparel because, in the spirit of his own words, "the sayings of our Saviour Christ were not a poet's fable, nor a harper's song, but the very holy words of Almighty God himself"—for his execution he arrayed himself in a handsome camelot dress sent to him for the occasion by his friend Bonvisi; and it was only at the urgent entreaty of the lieutenant that he ultimately consented to take it off.

As he left the Tower, more than one of those whose cases he had had to deal with in the days of his chancellorship followed him pressing their pleas upon him. One, a woman, pursued him crying out that he had done her a great injury. He quietly replied that he remembered her case well and should still give the same decision. Another woman, who came from her house with a cup of wine and offered it to him, he thanked, but refused the wine, saying that Christ at his Passion drank no wine, but gall and vinegar. Last of all came a Winchester man horribly tempted to despair and suicide whom Sir Thomas More, when chancellor, had comforted and rid of his trouble. During Sir Thomas's imprisonment the temptation returned; and, hearing that his friend was to be executed, the poor fellow came to London, and ran towards him as he was led out to execution, desiring with great earnestness that he would help him with his prayers; to whom Sir Thomas said: "Go and pray for me, and I will carefully pray for you." He went away with confidence, and was troubled no more.

On reaching the scaffold and finding it very unsteady as he put his foot on the ladder, More turned to the lieutenant of the Tower, and with a gleam of his old humor said: "I pray thee, see me safe up, and for my coming down let me shift for myself." Then he begged all the people to pray for him, and bade them bear witness with him that he should there suffer death in and for the faith of the Catholic Church. Afterwards he knelt down and recited the psalm *Miserere*, which had always been a favorite prayer with him. When the executioner asked his pardon, he kissed him and said cheerfully: "Pluck up thy spirits, man, and be not afraid to do thy office. My neck is very short; take heed, therefore, thou strike not awry, for saving of thy honesty." Then with a handkerchief that he had brought with him he blindfolded himself, and, lying at full length upon the scaffold, he placed his head upon the low block and received the fatal blow.

Over the final indignities that the king caused to be inflicted on the noble head, which was impaled on London Bridge till, at the end of a month, Margaret Roper succeeded in bribing the man, whose business it was to throw it into the river, to give it to her, I draw a veil. But it is some satisfaction to recall that, though it had been parboiled before being exposed, it was easily recognized "because the countenance was almost as fair, *tantâ pene*

pulchritudine, as during life." How fair that was, Holbein's portrait still shows us. And, if I have at all succeeded in my object, I have at least indicated faintly and within narrow limits that, in the latest, the ethical portrait of him just recently delineated with — I will dare to say — more than the devotion, insight, and mastery of Holbein, we have the secret of that "fairness;" it shows the most perfect fulfilment of the gracious economy by which "on all the beautiful features of men and women, throughout the ages, are written the solemnities and majesty of the law they knew, with the charity and meekness of their obedience."

AGNES LAMBERT.

From Temple Bar.

JANEY, A HUMBLE ADMINISTRATOR.

A STUDY FROM LIFE.

BY SARAH GRAND, AUTHOR OF "IDEALA, A STUDY FROM LIFE," ETC.

How it happened that Janey could ever have lived and not been in Dickens, I cannot imagine, unless it was that the master was cut off prematurely before he came to her. The nearest approach in his works to the type is "Miss Jenny Wren," the dolls' dressmaker; but that small creature was mainly fantastical, whereas our Janey could under no circumstances have been anything but dignified, so simple were her manners, so direct her speech, so great her intelligence, so clear her judgment, and so exemplary her patient fortitude under circumstances of peculiar trial. She was one of the best specimens I ever met of that highly complex creature, "a true gentlewoman;" a being compounded of courage and timidity, strength and weakness, sense, delicacy, refinement, penetration, taste, tact, and a few foibles — though the latter were not innate in Janey's case, I should say, but rather an accretion sown by circumstances, an outcome of the influence of such externals as of necessity surrounded her unusual position, and of the close contact with a number of very diverse people which it entailed.

But although I maintain that Janey was a gentlewoman, it would be misleading to call her a lady. Gentlewoman in our day is a title which must be won by estimable qualities; a lady may be any kind of a character, the term merely referring to position and means — those fine feathers which cover many contemptible birds.

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Janey's position was low in the social scale — she had been a kitchen-maid; and her pedigree was certainly not exalted. It is, however, valuable in its significance to the student of human nature as showing from whence she possibly derived her own good qualities. Her father's family were mostly tenant farmers in a small way, or market gardeners, and had been so for generations, the girls having gone into service when they did not marry and were not wanted at home. On her mother's side she was the descendant of a respectable line of gentlemen's servants, a race whose daily bread depended upon their moral worth. Her grandmother had been a house-keeper, grandfather stud-groom, great-grandmother lady's-maid, great-grandfather butler, and so on, all people on whose competence and honesty their employers had to rely for their comfort and safety in life. And it would appear as if her ancestors on that side had been a kind of imitative insect also, taking on the color and characteristics of their surroundings, both of which had culminated in Janey to such perfection that, had she been placed early enough among the nobility and gentry to acquire for herself the one thing wanting to her, their trick of speech, she could not have been distinguished from one of that order. Her father and mother had both struck out in a new direction for themselves. The father had gone into the service of a railway company, which employed him to drive a lorry and deliver goods; while the mother had been a straw-plaiter by trade up to the time of her marriage, doing the work at home.

I made Janey's acquaintance through our good vicar, to whom I had applied for work to vary the stultifying monotony of my elegant leisure.

"What would you like to do?" he asked.

"Something for somebody," I answered.

"There is district visiting," he suggested dubiously.

"No, certainly not," I answered without hesitation. "You must let me go where I am sure to be welcome."

"As for instance?"

"Well, the sick poor, you know. There must surely be something to be done for them."

He considered a moment. "There is Janey," he began meditatively — "and indeed her whole family for the matter of that! The father is suffering from some brain disease, brought on by debauch; the mother is worn out by the reckless

production of too large a family; and Janey herself is paralyzed from the waist down. I shall pass them on my way back, and," he added in his slow way, "I was thinking of going in."

"Please decide to do so then, and take me with you," I exclaimed.

We stopped at a row of squalid cottages—not country cottages, but the dreary town variety, two-storied, ugly, dingy, depressing, swarming with human beings, the children overflowing into the street and crowding the curb, multitudinous, restless, and repulsive on the first glance in their dirt and movements as maggots on meat; but proving on closer inspection to be handsome, sturdy, and delicate of skin, the strong survivals of a race from which the weakly weeds were subtracted between the ages of one and eleven by the rough exigencies of their existence, as the little headstones in the cemetery showed, only the hardier plants being left to flourish. In front of the cottages was a broad main thoroughfare, the houses on the opposite side being those of well-to-do artisans; at the back were the great ironworks where hundreds of men toiled day and night, "six hours on and six hours off," incessantly. Eighteen big chimneys towered above Janey's tiny abode, monsters whose black breath begrimed the country for miles around, and compared with which the human being is as insignificant as the coral insect is to the atoll. There was a small pretence of garden ground in front of the cottages, tiny strips of clay beaten hard by the children's feet as a rule, and with scarcely a green blade growing in any of them. These were divided from each other and from the footpath by iron railings, and little gates upon which the children swung. The vicar stopped at one of these, and entering went up to the cottage door, which was ajar. This he pushed open, then knocked at the door of the front room on the ground floor.

"Please come in, sir," was the gentle response. "I know who it is by your step, sir. I knows 'em all now pretty nearly."

The vicar looked in. "How are you today, Janey?" I heard him say. "I have brought a lady to see you."

"Thank you kindly, sir," was the soft response, and then the vicar stood aside to let me pass.

On my right, behind the door as I entered, was a small iron bed, upon which a young girl lay on her back, with her head slightly raised. Her thick, short, dark hair was loose on the pillow. She looked

at me gravely as I approached her, but a pleased expression came into her large luminous eyes when we had shaken hands. There was a striking peculiarity about her eyes. The iris, which was the grey of chinchilla in color, had an outer edge of black.

"Sit down, miss, please," she said. "Would you kindly give the young lady a chair, sir?"

"The young lady is a married lady," the vicar informed her, smiling, as he complied with her request.

Janey looked at me solemnly, as if she thought it a pity, or was making an effort to alter her first impression.

"Have you been ill long?" I asked, when the vicar had left us.

"Two years," she answered, raising her hands to catch hold of a round, ruler-like stick which hung suspended above her by a rope from the ceiling, forming a handle within easy reach, by grasping which she was enabled to alter her position a little. "Me arms and 'ead is all I can move," she explained; "but it's a mercy I've got the use o' them."

She spoke in the mellow north-country manner, smoothing the rugged aspirates out as it were, so that in the softened effect of her phrases their absence did not strike unpleasantly.

The head of her bed just fitted into a space beside the window, and, her back being turned to the light, she had nothing to look at but the opposite wall, from which the dingy paper, unrelieved by any picture, was dropping. Fancy, for two years lying looking at that! was my mental ejaculation.

"I'm most tired o' countin' the squares on it," Janey cheerfully observed, as if she had divined my thoughts when I turned round to look at it.

Her face contracted with pain after she had spoken, and she caught at her knee with one hand. "It's me legs," she explained; "they're all drowered up, and they do twitch. When I cam' out o' 'ospital the doctor 'e tol' mother to keep 'em stretched out an' not on no account to let 'em drower up; but mother she 'ad nobbut this little bed for me, an' it 'as to be too short because o' the door, which wouldn't open with it any longer, so they had to drower up. It was to be, you see."

"Why, you must be tall!" I exclaimed. "I thought you were quite a little body."

Janey smiled. "Eh, but I'm bigger nor you are, four inches, I should think."

This would make her between five feet

eight and nine, and the bed could not have been more than five feet long.

"What did they do for you in the hospital?" I asked.

"Oh, they brought amany doctors to see me," she answered, "an' they put weights on me legs, to keep 'em straight. My! they did 'urt! But I was gettin' on well enough, until one night when there was a great storm, and me bed was under a window, an' it blowed in, an' I called an' called, but the nurses didn't come an' I couldn't move meself, nor not another in the ward could move me, for we was all on us 'elpless. An' the rain blew in on me all night, an' no nurse cam' till seven nex' mornin', an' then one come for something, an' I ses to 'er, 'O nurse, it's bin rainin' on me, an' I'm all cold an' wet.' 'You just wait till your betters 'as breakfasted,' she ses, an' off she goes, an' it was 'alf past eight an' more before she come to move me, an' me teeth chatterin' that 'ard you could 'ear 'em. An' one of the women in the ward, she said it was shameful neglec', an' she'd tell the doctor, an' the nurse said, threatenin' like, 'You'd better!' But she did, an' O my, 'e did go on at that nurse awful! He *was* vexed! An' she did treat that poor woman cruel afterwards. She'd do nothin' for 'er. I've 'eard 'er call an' call an' call, for she was 'elpless too, an' nurse 'ud come back an' look at 'er an' laugh, and she in that pain; an' the nurse would say, 'You'll tell tales o' me again, will you?' They isn't lady nurses they 'as 'ere, you know, m'am," Janey broke off to explain tolerantly. "They's just common, ignorant servants, an' when they gets called nurse, an' the doctors speaks to 'em confidential like, it seems to turn their 'eads, an' they don't know 'ow nasty to be. There's gentlemen comes round every week to ask if we 'aven't, no complaints, an' we said as we'd tell 'em, but we was timid of 'em; and there was one woman who'd bin there afore said it wasn't no use neither, because it 'ad bin done in 'er time, an' the patient wot complained got the wost of it, because the nurses all swore she was a untruthful, troublesome person, an' the other patients i' the ward was afraid to contradict 'em for fear they'd use 'em awful afterwards."

"And did it do you no harm, that wetting?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," she answered in a casual way; "I had rheumatic fever an' inflammation of the lungs, an' it seemed as if there wasn't much to be done for me afterwards, for the doctor sent me 'ome, an' on'y tol' mother to keep me legs straight."

"And while you were so ill were the nurses good to you?"

"Well, you see," she answered temperately, "they 'adn't much to do for me, for mother she used to slip in reg'lar an' make me comfortable 'erself, an' the nurses they'd wink at 'er comin' cos it saved 'em a deal o' trouble."

Here the door behind me opened, and some one entered with a slouching step.

"It's on'y father," Janey explained.

I turned to speak to him, and he came up to me with an imbecile smile, holding out his hand.

"For shame, father!" Janey exclaimed as if she were chiding a child; "you did oughter know better nor to offer yer 'and to a lady. Touch yer 'ead now, an' be 'ave, else go away."

Father went away.

"You must accuse 'im, m'am," Janey proceeded; "'e's got the softenin' of the brain, an' knows no more nor a child, an' 'e's very troublesome at times; it takes me all I can do to mind 'im. The neighbors say why don't we put 'im away,* but mother she say no, 'e 'ave bin a good 'usband to 'er, an' please God she'll do for 'im as long as she can do for 'im, us 'elpin' 'er, an' 'e'll not be put away afore 'e goes to his long 'ome. Ah!" she burst out on hearing the slouching steps returning, "would you now? You'll not come in an' sit down an' a lady 'ere, you know; you just go an' take a walk. See! there's the sun out. Make your bow an' be off wi' you, an' you shall 'ave summat good to eat."

Father raised the tips of his fingers to his forehead, and slouched off again obediently—out of the house this time, for I saw him pass the window with his eyes fixed on the distant prospect of that "summat good to eat," I judged, by the idiotic smile which had remained on his lips since the bribe was held out to him. "Bless you, 'e knows ev'ry word I ses to 'im," Janey proudly declared, grasping the handle which hung from the ceiling and altering her position uneasily. "It's me legs again," she explained; "they do pain wi' them twitches. Look at 'em! I can do nothin' wi' 'em."

A series of jerks here under the bed-clothes testified to the troublesome twitches.

"You can't control them, then?" I inquired.

"Oh, no, I can't do nothin' wi' 'em," she repeated. "I can't move 'em at all,

* The poor here never use the word *asylum* if they can help it; the insane are said to be "put away," like precious things, "to be taken care of."

I can't. It do seem wonderful, don't it, 'ow they can go o' themselves?"

Here her mother entered, a stout woman who would still have been comely but for the deep lines which the "reckless production" of her large family had worn upon her face, marking it with a permanent expression of exhaustion.

She apologized querulously for disturbing me, but would I "accuse" her if she spoke to Janey, because "the baker 'ad come an' she didn't know about the bread, there bein' nobbut a 'eal left in the jar, them boys ate so much."

"Well, I got three yeste'day," Janey said, pulling a little purse out from under her pillow, "an' two to-day's as much as you can 'ave, let who will do wi'out." She handed her mother some coppers as she spoke, and the latter, after curtsying to me, meekly withdrew.

"There's a deal to think of i' a 'ouse like this," Janey remarked. "Father gets twelve shillin's a week from the club, an' the railway allows 'im another six, that's eighteen, and two o' the boys bring in four a week each, that's eight, an' eighteen — two eights six — twenty-six, an' eight for rent out o' that, an' then there's clo's, not to mention boots, and the children do wear out amany, you'd be surprised, specially the boys. They're thro' 'em i' no time, an' repairs comes 'eavy. It takes me all my time lyin' ere to think and contrive for 'em, for mother she can't be axpected to do much. She gets the boys' breakfasts at five i' the mornin', an' keeps about a bit, washin' up an' cleanin', an' doing odds an' ends, but by the time she's dressed me an' father, she's about done 'erself, an' 'as to lie down till tea, an' as to thinkin', it can't be axpected of 'er wi' father that 'elpless, an' that troublesome at times, an' all, you wouldn't believe! 'E won't stay in, an' 'e won't go out, nor do nothin', an' 'e can't talk much, you know, to tell you what's the matter. Are you going, m'am? Well, thank you kindly for the visit. An' p'raps you'll come again. I'd be glad to see you. There was amany comed at first, ladies an' all, but now I scarcely sees a one, an' it do seem to do a body good like, you know, to see company. You don't get tired o' yer own folks, but you want a change. It's like breathin'; you go on doin' of it whatever the air is, but when the winder's bin shut a long time an' some one comes an' opens it, my!" — she drew a deep breath — "it's like new life, the freshness is."

After this first visit, I made it a rule to go and see Janey regularly every Monday

afternoon, an arrangement of which she highly approved. "It gives you something to look forward to like," she said, by which ambiguous expression she meant humbly to allude to her own feelings in the matter. But, indeed, I very soon learnt to look forward myself to the time I should spend with Janey, listening to her simple talk, and taken out of my own narrow groove by the largeness of nature which found an interest and had some sympathy for every phase of human being. It was Janey who taught me to perceive that there is no distinction of great or small in the value of details of such daily life as we discussed. The placing of the sons of a gentleman in professions may seem at a glance to be a more important matter than the finding of work for such small fry as Janey's brothers; but as an evidence of human worth, when you come to compare the resources of the one with the poverty of the other, the position of the gentleman with that of the paralyzed girl who, doubled up with pain on her short bed, thought and arranged and "fended" for her whole family, all the wonder and respect was for the latter, as it is for the skilful if less perfect work of a man as distinguished from the mechanical exactness produced without thought by machines.

My fellow sheep in society, all crowding one after the other to get through the fashionable gap of the moment together, would have stared as at an imbecility had they heard it asserted that mine was the petty existence with its dinners, dances, dresses, and all the stultifying round of accustomed inanities, and Janey's was the larger life; but that was the fact. Janey was the human being, purposeful and versatile; I was the society machine, doing just what was expected of me exactly as the other machines did, without happiness and without heart in it. I knew this from the difference between Janey's effect on me and that of the other machines. The latter had the power of expressing the correctest sentiments on all occasions, and I could reply in like manner, each being the better perhaps for the exercise of politeness, but neither touching the other because neither felt. Now with Janey it was just the opposite. Her powers of expression were chiefly facial; the look in her large grey eyes, the slight smile or compression of her lips, the nod of her wise head indicated depths of feeling not to be plumbed; and without words, solely by force of feeling, she made me recognize in her a very loving, loyal friend, and one who more than any lived in my interests

most sincerely. The story of my life from week to week was of vital importance to her. She drew forth by dint of sympathy confessions and confidences no other woman could have wrung from me, and on many a weary day, sitting beside her little bed, I have felt my sorely contracted heart expand, and the hard burden of my own coldness melt in the warmth that came glowing with the return of the power to care — to love.

I was also indebted to Janey for many a valuable hint on the management of my household. She had made the most of her time in service, and observed just where the mistress was in fault as well as the maids; but she dealt impartially with both of us.

At first I used to shrink from telling her of walks and rides and drives, the contrast seemed so cruel; but she was too finely tempered to think of that, and soon showed me that such small share in my advantages as the description of these could give her was an enlivening pleasure to her, not a source of envy and despair. We had many a merry laugh together in that close little room, carefully smothered though for fear of disturbing mother, who would be asleep in the room above; and we had many long silences too, listening to the intermittent regularity of the weary steam-hammer, going in the great ironworks at the back — breaking out into heavy beats that made the cottage quiver, then pausing for an appreciable time, then on again, thump, thump, thump, incessantly day and night. Poor Janey! "Sometimes it seems to shake me," she said, "an' when I sleep I feel it crushin' me 'ere an' crushin' me there, an' when I wake it goes on i' me 'ead till I long not to feel nothin' no more — if you know what I mean. I don't want to be dead, which 'ud be wicked; but I just do want not to 'ear or know. Then there's the men. They comes out from their work i' their 'eavy clogs, changin' shifts, six hours on an' six hours off, an' I do dread 'em comin', for the clatter's awful. But of course there must allus be somethin'," she concluded, "an' you 'ave your troubles too as keeps you wakin' o' a night as well as me" — and so she would return to my affairs.

I had made her a picture-gallery, with colored prints from the Christmas papers, by this time, and kept her room sweet with flowers, both cut and growing. And I had also taught her how to crochet edging, and make warm woollen comforters on a frame, light work that could be done in a recumbent position, and afterwards sold.

Being able to make a little money in this way was a great addition to Janey's happiness just then, for her brothers had got out of work, and the family were in poorer circumstances than ever. A few days before Christmas I happened to ask her what they were all going to have for their Christmas dinner.

She put her hand under her pillow where she kept the family purse, and answered cheerfully: "Oh, I'll just get mother to go out and buy some beef pieces to make a puddin' for the childer. You don't know what beef pieces is? The bits, you know, the butcher trims off joints. 'E sells 'em cheap at night, an' if you boil 'em long enough they're not too 'ard."

Neither Janey nor any of her family were beggars, and I had always felt great delicacy about offering them money; but when I went home that day it occurred to me that Santa Claus might send them a surprise at Christmas. So we got a big hamper, and filled it with Christmas fare — beef, mince pies, a plum pudding, apples, nuts, toys for the children, a fowl for the invalids, fuel for cooking, butter, eggs, lard, and anything else we could think of; and after dark, on Christmas eve, two of the servants put it down at the door, knocked, and ran away.

I missed my regular day, and did not see Janey for some time after this, hoping that, when I did go, the hamper would be forgotten, and Janey would have excused my absence on the ground of the busy time I had had; but in this I was allowing little for Janey's discernment.

"It seems quite a long time since I saw you," I began.

"Yes," Janey answered, "but you needn't 'a' stayed away for fear we'd thank you too much for the 'amper. I know what it is meself. You feel awkward like when you've got to be thanked; an' I ses to mother, don't you go an' say too much now. Eh! it was a surprise! I jest 'appened to be readin' a story in a paper that mornin', of 'ow some poor folks 'ad a big 'amper left at their door, an' I told it to mother while she was washin' me, an' mother she ses, 'Oh, yes! them things 'appens in books, but not in real life. It's easy enough to make things come right when a scratch o' the pen can do it.' But, 'owever, that very night I was lyin' 'ere i' the dark, to save candle, an' there cam' a big knock at the door that fairly made me jump, an' then I 'eard footsteps runnin' away, an' I calls out to mother, 'Don't go, mother, it's a runaway.' But she went all the same, an' I

'eard 'er exclaim, an' then there was a draggin' of summat 'eavy about, an' mother she comes in, an' I could 'ear by 'er voice she was all of a trimble like, an' she ses to me solemn, 'Janey,' she ses, 'things do 'appen sometimes in real life like as if it was a book.' An' then! if I didn't know the moment she said it what she meant; but I couldn't say nawthin', I was so took to. Then mother, she got a light, an' she an' Walter, me eldest brother, brought in the 'amper for me to see it unpacked, an' all the other childer stood around, and Tommy 'e say, 'Suppose it's a 'oax?' An' Walter told 'im it would 'a' bin if 'e 'a' 'ad anything to do wi' it, an' punched 'is 'ead to make 'im shut up; an' then mother began, an' took the things out one after the other as solemn as could be all the time, though the children shouted, on'y when she cam' to the beef she weighed it 'er 'and like, an' ses: 'Sixteen pounds, I do believe!' An' then she puts 'er 'and into the 'amper again, an' there at the bottom was the firin' to cook it, an' at that she just throw'd 'er apron up over 'er face, an' sat 'erself down in that there chair, an' rocked 'erself to an' fro, an' 'ad a good cry, an' that relieved 'er. An' little Georgie 'e say: 'Oo's 'urt mother?' An' I ses: 'Ush, Georgie, no one's 'urt mother. Mother's on'y very glad, that's all.' An' it was queer to see the little chap stannin' lookin' at 'er puzzled like, you know. 'E don't cry when 'e's glad, 'e don't! An' eh! that beef, m'am! It was as sweet as a nut! an' that tender I could eat i' spite o' me teeth."

She had lost almost all her teeth, a defect which did not disfigure her because she scarcely parted her lips when she smiled. "But indeed I'm glad they're gone," she said to me, alluding to her teeth, "for they was nobbut a trouble while I 'ad any. They began to go while I was in service i' London, an' my missus, as was a very good livin' lady an' kind to us all, down to me as was nobbut scullery-maid then, she 'eard I 'ad toothache, an' she ses she'd send me to a dentist place. It's a kind o' charity. You don't pay. I think young gents goes there to learn the dentistry business, an' my! they do torture you. I didn't know what it was, else I'd not 'ave gone, not was it ever so. 'Im as did my teeth used to get me 'ead fast in a chair, an' put a thing in me mouth to 'old it open, an' then 'e'd leave me like that, an' go an' laugh an' talk wi' the other young gents; an' when 'e 'urt me an' I'd make a noise, 'e used to say: 'Now jest you shut up. You know you're a pauper

an' gets all this 'endance for nothin', an' good dentistry too.' But it wasn't good dentistry," she added, "for it 'urt awful all the time, an' didn't last."

This casual glimpse of the price which the unfortunates who have to rely upon "charity" pay for the same is the kind of thing which makes one long to visit such "young gents" with a big stick while one's blood is boiling; but Janey was not by way of complaining. She held that to do and to suffer were an inevitable and necessary part of to be.

"Then," she continued, "I did for 'em in 'ospital meself, for they 'urt that bad I begged 'em to give me summat, an' they got me creasote, an' one of the nurses she tol' me, 'If you use that, you'll not 'ave a tooth left i' your 'ead. It'll destroy them all.' 'An', I ses, 'all the better.' An' sure enough it did destroy 'em all, axpress, but a stump or two, an' I wish they'd go as well, I do, for they're nowt but a bother." She smiled as she spoke, then pulled herself up a little by the rope hanging from the ceiling, and apologized for the vagaries of her legs, "which do jump so as never was to-day."

"How did your illness begin, Janey?" I asked.

"It was carryin' 'eavy weights before I'd done growing begun it," she answered. "Me aunt, me father's sister, was cook in a gentleman's 'ouse, an' when I was fifteen I was a big gell, and she ses, 'Send Janey to me an' I'll make 'er scullery-maid, an' she'll get to be kitchen-maid an' cook in time.' An' me aunt was that particular it seemed like as if I'd niver no rest, for when I wasn't workin' 'n the kitchen, she made me sit down to sewin', makin' me own things — an' eh! I did get together a good set out! But I 'ad to carry 'eavy saucepans of water an' things, an' likely strained meself even afore I got to be kitchen-maid, an' after that the work was 'arder nor ever; but I sent mother 'ome a lot of money! Then I began to feel queer i' me legs, an' one day I jest flopped down on me knees an' couldn't get up again, an' me aunt was cross. She thought I was shammin'. But that passed off, on'y I went on gettin' weak an' feelin' bad i' me back, till at last you could see as I couldn't drag on any more, an' I ses, 'Oh, aunt, you'll not scold, for I can't; I tol' you I'd go on till I dropped, an' I 'ave.' Then she spake to missus to send me 'ome for a rest; an' while I was at 'ome me legs lost all power on a sudden, an' that time it didn't come back, an' then mother took me to a 'ospital, an' the very first question

the doctor ast me was 'ad I 'ad a fall. An' at first I ses no, an' then it come back to me all of a 'eap. I was 'urrying downstairs one day afraid aunt 'ud scold me for bein' late an' lazy, an' I slipped an' fell on me back; an' when I came to think on it as sure as ennythink it was from that time I felt the pain."

Armed with these details, I went to consult a specialist about Janey, in the forlorn hope that there might still be something to be done for her. He said, so far as he could form an opinion without seeing her, he should be inclined to suppose that it was a case of hysterical paralysis, a thing which might have been cured if properly treated in time. But he shook his head and was doubtful now when he heard about her legs being drawn up to her. The thing, however, was to arouse in her a strong desire to recover. Singularly enough I had never heard her express any wish on the subject. She had evidently been a "show case" in the hospital, a subject of peculiar interest to the medical men which led to her being made much of; and when first she returned home after she was stricken hopelessly, as it was supposed, numbers of people had come to see her, more out of curiosity than kindness — the sort of people who are collected by the excitement of a great calamity, but disappear when its effect upon themselves wears off. Janey, however, had enjoyed her little notoriety, and the being "fussed up," too much at the time to suffer acutely from fear of the dreadful future before her. As the days wore on, however, and there was no change in her to keep the first flash of interest alive in her visitors, their visits became fewer and fewer, until at last the good vicar, his wife, the Scripture reader, and myself were all who ever came to vary the monotony of the long, dull days. *A propos* of this falling off of her friends Janey gave me a bright instance of her patient moderation. I had been feeling indignant with those people who had only paid Janey attention while they could make capital of her case from which to draw large interest for their conversation; and I was especially angry with one lady who accepted credit for her supposed devotion to the poor girl while all the time neglecting to visit her.

"She has not been to see you yet, then?" I happened to remark one day, involuntarily implying a reproach, I am afraid.

"Ah, well, you see," said Janey tolerantly, "she 'as amany things to do, an'

must find it 'ard to remember 'em all. When she ses she'll come she means to right enough; but one thing crowds another out o' 'er mind, an' that's 'ow it 'appens she forgets me."

Shakespeare puts it more concisely: —

What we do oft determine oft we break;
Purpose is but a slave to memory.

But Janey's kindly wisdom only differed from his in the expression of it.

"Do you like being read to, Janey?" I asked, soon after our acquaintance began.

"Yes," she answered, not very enthusiastically. "Scripter reader and the vicar they comes an' reads."

"What do they read to you?"

"The Bible, as is what they're paid to do, you know," she answered, with a fine appreciation of the obligation entailed to honestly earn one's wages. "An' Miss Hawke, she used to read to me about the martyrs till I got the 'orrors thinkin' of 'em. Mrs. Miller used to read too, an' Mrs. Frier, about this miserable world an' all people 'as to bear, till I was that low sperrited I used to lie 'ere an' cry to me-self alone. An' they used to read about 'eaven too, an' 'ow 'appy we should be to think o' goin' there, an' 'ow all this affliction was sent to try us. I used to be thinkin' too much about gettin' well at first, but Mrs. Frier she tol' me that wasn't right, that we should bear what the Lord sends us wi'out repining, an' be thankful when 'e doesn't make it no 'arder for enny on us nor 'e 'as for me, black sinner as I am."

"Then Mrs. Frier told you all wrong," I answered boldly. "There is a demon she worships, a frightful spirit who wantonly tortures us." Janey looked startled. "Does a father afflict his children?" I asked her. She shook her head dubiously. "He may chide and punish, but he doesn't injure them," I pursued — "and you *are* to think of getting well."

After that I began to read her cheerful secular stories to fill her with a wholesome love of life, and carefully avoided all those goody-goody productions which, by preaching a stultifying resignation, would naturally tend to confirm her in her hopeless condition.

After Christmas the circumstances of the family had greatly improved, thanks to Janey, who had worked wonders from her sick-bed, having, by dint of boldly sending for people to beg their help, and writing curiously spelt missives in her queer, unpractised hand, succeeded in placing three of her brothers and a sister

in situations—one brother as grocer's assistant, another in a printing office, the third in the "works," and her sister in service; and as all four children, according to the custom of the county, contributed to the support of "the home," the pinch of poverty was no longer felt there. Janey herself too, not content with "minding father," ordering his goings out and his comings in, his food and clothing, administering the funds of the family to the best advantage for everybody, and managing the household generally, had taken the child of a girl in the neighborhood who had "'appened a misfortune"—to use her own quaint euphemism—"to tend," by which she made a few more shillings a week herself. The child, a little girl, required a good deal of "tending," being about a year old, very sturdy, and just able to toddle! but Janey, lying on her back in bed, only just able to move her arms, did wonders with her, keeping her amused from the time she woke till she fell asleep again, simply by talking to her, and "all the while 'aving an eye to father," who was apt to be troublesome if Janey's vigilance relaxed. She had a long stick with a handle now, a most useful instrument with which she could reach to any part of the room, using it like a shepherd's crook, opening and shutting the door with it, pulling the baby back to her bedside by her waist-belt when she crept out of reach, and administering condign punishment to father if she caught him "at his tricks," to which, after the arrival of the baby, he had added breaking her playthings, stealing her sweets, and slyly pinching her.

"Poor father!" Janey exclaimed tenderly. "When mother goes out an' leaves 'im for me to tend, it do seem as if 'e knew I was 'elpless, 'e do be'ave that bad. An' 'e can't abide the baby. 'E's kind o' jealous o' 'er, I think, an' would do 'er a mischief if it wasn't for the stick. I catches 'im glowerin' at 'er, an' if 'e sees I sees 'im 'e pretends it's summat else 'e's lookin' at, for 'e's that cunning—you wouldn't believe! But I jest shakes the stick at 'im, an' ses: 'Ugh! you would, would you?' an' 'e's as meek as Mary 'ad a little lamb."

Now that they were more comfortably off, Janey decided at my instigation to move to a better house, where there would be room for her to have a full-sized bed and more accommodation generally, besides the relief of quiet after the thud of the steam-hammer and roar of the big ironworks at the back, and the heavy patter of clogged feet on the petrified

pats of butter of which the pavement in front appeared to be composed. The mother, helpless, querulous, fatalistic, and a chronic sufferer from extreme debility, had no energy for the move. It would upset Janey, she was sure, and disagree with father, and so on; but I overcame her opposition by showing her that she had already been to blame for allowing Janey's legs to contract so much, and it was her duty now to put herself out to any extent necessary for Janey's good. The latter was nervous herself about being moved. She had not been out of her little room for three years, and the thought of being carried through the streets "an' seein' 'em all again" excited her so much that she was prostrated for days before the event. When the ordeal was over, however, and she found herself in a, comparatively speaking, large, bright room, newly papered, with plants growing in a box outside the window, pictures in frames on the walls, a big armchair for father, a delightful spring bed for herself, and a cot for baby, she said she felt as if she could sit up!

"Of course you will sit up," I answered. "It is only a matter of time."

I had been telling her this, and trying to rouse her out of the depressing state of resignation I had found her preached into, ever since I had consulted the specialist on her account. She looked at me in a shy, timorous way now, as if she wanted to say something, but did not like to, and she had a cheap-looking publication in her hand which she was fingering nervously.

"What is it, Janey?" I asked. "You must tell me."

She bent her head towards me, and spoke in a mysterious whisper.

"Do you believe in faith-healing?" she asked, and then she held out the penny publication.

There was a good deal in the papers just then about faith-healing *à propos* of the "miraculous cures" brought about by pilgrimages to Lourdes and elsewhere, and knowing that marvellous results really had followed the effects of excitement and "faith" in the minds of hysterical patients, I saw a possible chance for Janey, and answered without hesitation, "Yes, I do."

One of her brothers had brought in a paper on the subject published by a society then practising faith-healing in London. Many most interesting accounts were given of cures effected at prayer meetings, and on what would otherwise

have been the patient's death-bed. The reports were worked up with much detail, which made them exciting reading for one in Janey's condition, and I could feel that she was watching me with great anxiety and trepidation as I perused them.

"Do you believe it?" she asked again eagerly.

"I believe you are just one of the best cases to try it on. I think you could be greatly benefited by this kind of thing," I answered. "I will write them an account of your trouble, if you like, and ask them what they would recommend."

Janey pulled herself half up by her rope hanging from the ceiling, then let herself drop on her pillow again, not knowing how to contain her eagerness and anxiety.

My letter was addressed to a lady who seemed to be one of the leaders of the faith-healing movement, and by return of post I received a gentle, courteous reply, the sum and substance of which was: "Is not this dear child committed to your care? Read —" then followed a list of texts, which, I regret to say, I have lost and forgotten. I had boldly suggested that the faith-healers should come and cure my Janey if they could, but they preferred to let me have the credit of curing her myself, it seemed — also if possible, I suppose. But, allowing that "this dear child" was committed to my care, how much should I be justified in doing to enable her to apply her strength of mind to the healing of her body? I knew well what extraordinary results have been brought about by the influence of mind on matter, and also knew with what childlike confidence she would carry out any suggestion I might make; would it be right to try? But how could it be otherwise? I did think of consulting some one wiser than myself, but then I was afraid of being discouraged, and I knew the experiment could only be well made by one without doubt and all enthusiasm.

I took the whole week to screw up my courage, I confess, but when my next day came for visiting Janey I went in bravely and told her I could help her to cure herself, explaining that I was not able to do it by the means which the society employed, but that I had a method of my own which was just as effectual. I told her also that I should require a piano to help me, and would send one during the week, and recommended her to begin at once to believe firmly that she was going to be cured.

Janey heard me with reverent attention,

and when I left her there was a glow in her grey eyes and an expression of exaltation on her face that frightened me. Suppose I made bad worse? The thought was alarming; but I felt I must go on now and do something, otherwise I should be running the risk of making bad worse in another way, by inflicting a dreadful disappointment on Janey, and robbing her through myself of her faith in her fellow-creatures.

We had decided, between ourselves, not to mention the experiment to any one until we had tried it. Janey agreed with me that the attempt would create a disturbing amount of interest among her people, and I was afraid of the criticism, not to mention the ridicule of my own.

Janey was delicately emotional, I knew, for I had read her Tennyson and Longfellow, and seen her transparent skin suffused with pale pink flushes of pure pleasure when I came to the passages that specially appealed to her. She would repeat such words as:—

the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown,

lovingly; and mount to an evident devotional enthusiasm on lines like:—

Ah, Lover! Brother! Guide! Lamp of the Law!

I take my refuge in thy name and thee!
I take my refuge in thy Law of Good!
I take my refuge in thy Order! OM!
The dew is on the lotus! — Rise, Great Sun!
And lift my leaf and mix me with the wave.
Om mani padmi hum, the Sunrise comes!
The Dewdrop slips into the shining Sea.

And it occurred to me that if words whose meanings she could only gather approximately had power to move her deeply chiefly by the rhythm and sound of them, then music must certainly be a most effectual adjunct to any attempt to work upon her will pleasantly through her emotions; and therefore the piano.

I found her on the eventful day in a state of quiet exaltation, which contrasted favorably with the inward trepidation from which I was suffering. She was full of confidence — faith, she called it. Father and the baby had been sent out for the afternoon, that there might be no interruption. The piano had been placed by her direction so that she might see my fingers as I played, and I found she had put her best dressing-jacket on, and had herself and the room smartened up to the utmost extent, as for a festive occasion.

I dared not hesitate, so I began at once — feeling all the time as if I were doing a

deed of darkness—practising a black, forbidden art.

"You know what faith is, Janey?" I said solemnly. "You must believe that there is a great power which can and will cure you, and that presently you will be able to sit up again. You must rest on that thought, as it were, and let it make you feel happy and strong."

Janey grasped the handles of the rope suspended above her with both hands, and drew a deep breath. "Will it come all of a sudden?" she whispered.

"I cannot tell," I replied. "But don't look about the room. Watch my fingers as I play; listen to the music; and, above everything, *feel it*. Open your heart to it as to a great joy; let it tingle through you; and be sure that it will bring new life to you."

I had begun to believe in it myself by this time, and sat down to the piano in nearly as great a state of exaltation as Janey was, fortunately, for otherwise I should have been nervous; but as it was I could play—better than my best, I fancied. I chose the music which "speaks to the heart alone," and was conscious at first of how it was affecting Janey; but presently I forgot her, and, drifting off to measures that affect the imagination, I became absorbed.

There was a great procession passing between high houses down a narrow street. The houses were yellow stone, and above them was a narrow strip of sky, intensely blue, with one great white dazzling mass of sun-bright cloud upon it. It was a procession of women in flowing robes of exquisite amethyst tints. They walk in step, carrying harps, on which they played an accompaniment while they sang: "To us! to us it is given to do great deeds!" And so singing they came to the end of the long street of flat-roofed, Oriental houses with tiny casements, and passed out into the open desert, where the heat radiated upwards from the yellow sand. And here they separated as water separates, spreading widely when it emerges from a narrow channel into an open space, but still flowing on in one direction; so they separated, each reclining on the invisible air, as it seemed, and floating off apart. Their dresses flashed like gems in the sunshine. Their hair shone. Their harps resounded to the touch of their milk-white hands, and their clear, rich voices rang out always triumphantly: "To us! to us it is given to do great deeds!" And so singing they passed on over the desert into the west, their voices falling fainter

and fainter, their forms growing more shadowy and indistinct, till the one was invisible and the other had died away.

And as I struck the last soft, quivering chord *arpeggio*, I turned to look at Janey. She was sitting up.

And from that day too she continued to sit up—in bed at first, but by degrees she became strong enough to be moved into a chair, and dressed. Then she got so far as to be able to get out of bed, dress herself, and hobble about the room; and I have no doubt that, but for her mother's fatal apathy in letting her legs contract, she would eventually have quite recovered. There was no stretching those stiff, shortened tendons back to their normal length, however, and poor Janey remained a cripple; but happily a very active one.

We got her a bath chair next, and her brothers by turns wheeled her out every day. The first visit she paid was to me. I had often described our house to her, and the rooms and furniture, and when she arrived she was wheeled into all the ones on the ground floor, and was loud in the expression of her amazement because she said she hadn't imagined it at all like that.

But all this time father was getting more troublesome, and was "that cunning it did seem sometimes as if 'e would 'ave to be put away." I had had a little window-garden made outside Janey's window and filled with flowers, of which she took the greatest care; but one evening, when she went as usual to trim and water them, she found they had all been pulled up by the roots, and strewn on the ground outside. I thought the rough hands from the iron-works had done it; they used to destroy our grounds when they could effect an entry; but Janey said no, with a wise shake of her head. "Hawks dinna peck out hawks' een. The men 'll not touch our flowers now Sammy's at the works. It's father; I know it's father. 'E throwed a plate at baby yesterday, 'e's that jealous or summat o' the child; an' 'e doesn't know what mischief to be up to next. But then, it's father, you know, an' if it wasn't that 'ud be summat else."

I had risen to take my leave, and she looked up at me with her peculiar little smile that scarcely disturbed a feature, and held my hand a moment affectionately. A tinge of color had come to her delicate cheeks since she was able to go out into the fresh air, and her large grey eyes were brighter. It was a most interesting face, melancholy in repose, but beaming with good feeling and clear intelligence.

"Good-bye, Janey," I said, "until next Monday, unless you can come to see me."

"Good-bye, m'am," she answered, "an' thank you kindly. If the boys are either of 'em back i' time to take me I'd like to go; but I'm afraid this week"—she heaved a little sigh, then added, in her usual cheerful way—"But of course if it is to be it will be."

The following Monday I laid up a life-long regret for myself by going to see Janey much later than I had ever done before. A game of tennis was the important matter that detained me.

The cottage door stood ajar, as it always did on my visiting day, so that I might walk in without disturbing the siesta of mother up-stairs by knocking. The first thing I saw on entering Janey's room was father sitting comfortably by the window in his big armchair. He greeted me with a cunning grin. Janey was prostrate on the floor, and the baby girl was sitting beside her patting her cheek. I thought it was a game at first, but Janey turned a ghastly face to me when she heard my step, and moaned. There was a horrid wound on the side of her head, and there was a heavy wooden stool lying near her with blood upon it. I called through the open window to a man who was passing. He helped me to lift Janey on to her bed, and then hurried off for a doctor, father looking on meanwhile with a self-satisfied smirk, and every now and then chuckling to himself as if hugely delighted with something. Janey held my hand convulsively. She was sensible, and looked up at me with a piteous expression in her beautiful eyes. "I don't know as 'e 'adn't better 'a' bin put away," she whispered, "for where mother an' the childer will be if ennything 'appens to me, I can't imagine." She stopped, closed her eyes for a little, then looked up again. "It seemed to come over 'im all of a minute," she said—"just afore you came. I was sittin' on the floor playin' wi' baby, an' 'e jest took up the stool, an' throwed it at me, grinnin' all the time. Oh! you bad man! see what you've done! Eh! but it 'urts, me 'ead does. I misdoubt me I'll never think for 'em all no more." Two great tears ran down her cheeks as she spoke. The blow would not have killed a robust person, but Janey had no recuperative power in her fragile body, and never rallied from the shock to her system. Dear, good, gentle, loving creature! She managed "to think for 'em all" a few days longer, arranging, directing, advising to the last. She had been silent some hours before the

end, and we who were sitting beside her thought we should never hear her low, sweet voice again making the harsh words musical by smoothing out the rugged aspirates—when suddenly she began to murmur something about Georgie, her youngest brother, a very delicate child: "Watch when 'e's white," she said, "an' never you mind no schoolmasters nor magistrates. Jest you keep 'im at 'ome. 'E'll niver do no 'ard work, but if you take care of 'im 'e'll be good for a light business—stationery and books——"

She broke off, and looked at the piano. I had described that vision of the singing women to her, and told her how to interpret it, and we had summoned them since more than once for our encouragement, so that I knew what she meant when she said in a stronger voice, with a last little smile: "Would you play it again—very soft like—while I watch your fingers—an' maybe they'll come and 'elp me—'elp me up—this last little bit o' the way."

I sat down to summon the singing women, and presently we heard their song—"To us! to us it is given to do great deeds!"—and down the narrow street of the Oriental city they swept in their gem-tinted garments, and floated out into the desert, and on towards the sunset. But before they faded quite from sight and hearing, some one touched me lightly on the shoulder. The look of pain had passed from Janey's face, a tender smile lingered about her lips, and it was plain that "they" had lovingly helped her gentle spirit up—that last little bit of the way.

From The Church Quarterly Review.
ELIZABETHAN EXPLORERS.*

THE Reformation of religion in the sixteenth century is one of the watersheds

* 1. *The Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques, and Discoveries of the English Nation, made by Sea or Overland.* By Richard Hakluyt, Preacher, and sometime Student of Christchurch in Oxford. London, 1599.

2. *Narratives of Voyages towards the North-West in Search of a Passage to Cathay and India, 1496 to 1631, with Selections from the Early Records of the Honorable East India Company and from MSS. in the British Museum.* By Thomas Randall, Esq. London, 1849.

3. *Navigantium atque Itinerantium Bibliotheca; or, a Compleat Collection of Voyages and Travels, consisting of above Four Hundred of the most Authentick Writers.* By John Harris, A.M., Fellow of the Royal Society. In two volumes, folio. London, 1705.

4. *State Papers, published under the Authority of Her Majesty's Commission.* Part V. London, 1849.

5. *The World encompassed by Sir Francis Drake; being his next Voyage to that to Nombre de Dios.*

of history. From it, great streams of thought, which have flowed far, and which are still flowing with as vigorous a current as ever, first took a definite direction. And of no country is this truer than of England. Here the "new learning" found a congenial soil; and speedily had wonderful effects upon the minds of men. The old landmarks of opinion were thrown down, and the thoughts and purposes of Englishmen moved, at first timidly and slowly, then with vigorous and determined resolution, out into broader tracts of activity than before. In these was promise of adventure to the adventurous, and of profit to the bold. A vast fund of latent energy had been thus set free, and sought employment in every direction. Dynastic contests in England had been stilled for the moment by the accession of the vigorous Tudor race to the throne. The chronic wars with France no longer drew to themselves and expended the young, powerful manhood of the nation, which looked out the more eagerly on that account for occupation in other fields.

Again, the instinct of self-defence tended in the same direction. By the breach with the papacy England had been forced into a position of antagonism with the great Continental nations which still held fast to the old order of things. Those were days when war—the *ultima ratio regum*—was still recognized as a method of producing uniformity in religion; and the pope, as was repeatedly shown, could count in the last resort on the musketeers of France and the galleons of Spain to bring a recalcitrant nation to reason. Had Henry VIII. not been given to building great ships and casting brass cannon of an unheard-of size, an Armada might have sailed before 1588; and the English, who were then said to be "the fiercest nation in Europe," were not slow to follow the lead of their sovereign in a direction so entirely in accordance with their own warlike tastes.

Commerce had its own special and powerful impulse to give to adventure by sea. The old tracks of trading were out of favor. The fishing industry was depressed by the unaccountable dislike which the nation seemed to have taken to the use of fish as an article of food. Under the old ecclesiastical *régime* not only was every Friday, as our own prayer-book orders, "a day of

fasting," when no flesh meat might be eaten; but the same rule applied during the whole of the six weeks of Lent. At such times the gastronomic science of the period concentrated itself upon fish as a substitute,* and thus a brisk and constant demand was created. But the predominance of the Reform altered all this. It became a point of Protestantism to eat flesh and to reject fish; and the fishermen found their occupation gone. The observant secretary of state saw with regret the decay of their industry, and the fisheries on all the coasts of the British Islands falling under the control of the Flemings, the French, and the Spaniards.† But it was out of his power to stem a tendency so powerful. What he could do he did, and through the Parliament of 1562-3 he carried a statute to make the eating of flesh on Fridays and Saturdays a misdemeanor punishable by a fine of 3*l.* or three months' imprisonment; while even on Wednesday one dish of flesh was permitted only on condition that "there were served at the same table and at the same meal three full, competent, usual dishes of sea fish of sundry kinds, fresh or salt.‡

But the bill, though passed, was to no purpose; and indeed the age for sumptuary regulations of any kind depending upon enactments of a government was fast passing away.

Concurrently with this closing of old sea routes, new ones were gradually opening. Commercial prosperity did not diminish; it even grew rapidly by reason of the increase of imports, of many new and unfamiliar descriptions, which had to be paid for in the staples of the country. These were as yet but few, principally wool, as also the woollen cloths and baizes of which there was a large and flourishing

* Though we may be permitted to suppose that Sir William Cecil was making a rhetorical point with a degree of pardonable exaggeration when he said "no flesh at all was eaten on fish days, even the king could not have license." (Notes upon an Act for the Increase of the Navy, 1563, Domestic MSS. Rolls House.)

† Even at the present day the bulk of the take of the Cornish pilchard fishery goes to Spain and Portugal.

‡ 5 Eliz. cap. 4, § (1563). So staunch a Protestant as Cecil might well be supposed to have been beyond suspicion of reactionary tendencies, but it was not so; for it is amusing to find that in order to disarm suspicion of his motives he was obliged to add a clause to his bill, to the effect that "because no person should misjudge the intent of the statute, which was politically meant only for the increase of fishermen and mariners and not for any superstition for choice of meats, whosoever should teach or preach that eating of fish or forbearing of flesh was for the saving of the soul of man or for the service of God should be punished as the spreader of false news."—Clause to be added to the Act quoted (in Cecil's handwriting), Domestic MSS. Eliz. vol. xxvii.

Collated with an unpublished MS. of Francis Fletcher, Chaplain to the Expedition. With Appendices and an Introduction by W. S. W. Vaux, Esq., M.A. London, 1854.

6. *English Men of Action. Sir Francis Drake.* By Julian Corbett. London, 1890.

manufacture in Devonshire and Somerset. Even in those days London had begun to import corn, to the great uneasiness of Cecil.*

French silks and wines came in increasing quantities year by year; and yet while the foreign trade steadily increased "the port towns of the realm had been steadily decaying," and, instead of being "well furnished with ships and mariners," only a few coasters and barges were found in many harbors. The reason was that much of the carrying trade was monopolized by the French and the Flemings; and until new paths were opened, and a new enthusiasm created, the maritime industry continued to decay.

The ocean routes, as they became familiar in the course of a very short period, were four in number.

1. The Baltic trade—with Russia, north Germany, and the Scandinavian peninsula. Hence came tallow, flax and hemp, raw and manufactured into cables, cordage, and sail-cloth, iron and steel, pitch and tar, timber generally, and particularly such fir-trees as would serve for the masts and spars of ships, also furs of all kinds, from the fine and costly pelts of the sable and ermine to the coarser and commoner wolf and bear skins. Hides also were brought from Russia in great numbers.

2. The Turkey and Levantine trade, which traversed the southern ports of Europe and the northern of Africa. Thence were brought silks, damasks, cloth of gold, perfumes, fruits, and spices. The transport of wine to and from Rouen and Bordeaux may be considered as being practically a coasting trade.

These two were purely commercial.

3. The trade to the East Indies, the Cape, and the Southern Seas. This was partly commercial, partly exploring, and to a large extent piratical. The ships sailed heavily armed, and with large crews for their tonnage. They would sail from port to port and from one group of islands to another, where they could find a market for their merchandise, or purchase the

pepper or the "sinnamon," the cloves, nutmegs, or ginger, the pearls or "lapis lazudis" that those lands are rich in. Here the French, the Dutch, and particularly the Portuguese were their competitors, and were bitter against the English as interlopers upon their profitable monopoly. The latter had to fight for the liberty to buy and to sell, even to water and refit; and to defend their purchases when they had obtained them with "hot vollies and cold steel." They were the Ishmaelites of those seas; "their hand was against every man, and every man's hand against them." Such a state of chronic hostility to all comers passed easily into that of piracy; and pirates, in great numbers of instances, these adventurers undoubtedly became. If they reached Bristol or Dartmouth, Plymouth or London again, it was after an absence of years, and after having passed through a thousand dangers. It was likely enough—perhaps more likely than not—that they would be overmatched by their hostile competitors, who were five or six to one against them, the crew imprisoned or "clapt into the Inquisition," to linger for years, out of the sight and knowledge of all; or they might be "miserably cast away" upon some hidden rock or savage coast, and never heard of again. But if they got home at all it was generally with rich cargoes, which yielded great profits to all concerned—to the sun-browned mariners themselves and to the citizen or "merchant adventurers" whose contributions had fitted out the expedition.

4. The fourth route led "Westward Ho" to the coasts of North and South America, and to the West Indies, and this speedily became the most popular of all. There were several reasons for this. Beyond the Atlantic there were unknown lands to be discovered and added to the queen's dominions, in rare instances to be even colonized. The exploits of Fernando Cortez in Mexico and of Francisco Pizarro in Peru, vastly exaggerated by popular rumor, had thrown a golden glamor over the "Spanish Main," which was an irresistible attraction to these bold adventurers. In these seas they were simply pirates or slavers; and the mention of the latter word suggests another chapter, a painful and deeply stained one, in the annals of Elizabethan enterprise.

As early as 1552 English explorers had found their way to the coast of Guinea, and brought back its gold dust and ivory to Southampton, the merchants of that thriving seaport having already begun to

* It appears from the customs entries that the heaviest foreign trade was in canvas, linen, cloth, wood, oil, and wines. The total value of the wine entered at the port of London alone in the year 1559 was 64,000*l.*, the retail selling price being then on an average 7*d.* a gallon. The iron trade with Sweden, Russia, and Spain was considerable, and, strange to say, the English then depended on foreign manufacturers for their supply of knives, nails, buttons, and even of pins and needles. Hops stand at a large figure, and also sugar. Among miscellaneous articles are found dolls, tennis-balls, cabbages, turnips, tape and thread, glasses, hats, laces, marmalade, baskets, and rods for baskets. (Froude's History, vol. viii., chap. xlvii. note.)

affect this particular sphere of enterprise.* In 1553 set forth from that place "two goodly ships, the *Primerose* and the *Lion*, with a pinnas called the *Moone*, being furnished as well with men of the lustiest sort, to the number of seven score, as also with ordinance and victuals requisite for such a voyage." The two heads of the expedition were Captain Windham of Norfolk, and Antonio Pinteado, a Portuguese. These reached the "golden land," *i.e.*, the Bight of Benin, and penetrated fifty or sixty leagues up the river *Mina*,† where they traded with great success. Unfortunately they did not understand how deadly is the climate to Europeans, but lingered there, "drinking the wine of the *Palme* trees, that droppeth in the night from the cut of the branches of the same, and in such extreme heate running continually into the water,"‡ until both the captains were struck down and died of fever, and out of one hundred and forty men scarcely forty returned. But the profit was great; § and the very next year another expedition sailed from London under John Lok, with two ships of one hundred and forty tons each, and one of ninety. This expedition returned with fair success, but following the bad example of the Portuguese, who had already begun to kidnap the natives, they seized five men, "tall and strong men," and brought them home.

But this kidnapping turned the negroes against the English, and the next year, when "Master William Towerson, merchant of London," went the same voyage with two ships, he found the negroes hostile, and was unable to trade there. Accordingly the following year (1556) the men were brought back, "and the men of the towne wept for joy when they saw them." || But it was long before the distrust caused by this incident altogether died away; and a bad precedent had been set, which was not long in being followed.

The slave trade with Spanish America was at this time in the hands of the Portuguese. It was not without reluctance and under onerous conditions that the Spanish government permitted even this entrance for trade into the jealously guarded precincts of their American territories. The

entire continent of South America was practically in their hands. From Florida to the river Plate the Spanish flag waved over every harbor along the whole Atlantic coast; while the recent conquest of Chili had rendered it singularly paramount along the Pacific coast; and a papal grant had ratified to the king of Spain the conquests achieved by his soldiers; so that hitherto no nation had cared to explore those distant regions with the exception of Portugal, whose vessels and mariners were not so much the rivals as the compliant clients of Spain. Now, however, that the Spanish settlements had grown and prospered in these years of unbroken peace their demand for labor increased; while the Madrid government, absolute, unsympathetic, and, above all, *slow*, kept the supply far below the requirements of the planters by their regulations; so that the price of slaves rose enormously. Here was the opportunity for a profitable though illicit trade; and a daring Englishman at once struck in. In October, 1562, John Hawkins, of Plymouth, and Thomas Hampton fitted out three vessels and sailed to the Bight of Benin. There, between purchase and kidnapping, they collected three hundred negro slaves, and sailed with them to St. Domingo, in Hispaniola, where they succeeded in selling two-thirds of their human cargo at good prices. The other third they were obliged to land as security for the payment of duties (the circumstances would take too long to detail), and the end was that they lost them all, together with a cargo of hides, in which Hawkins invested half the profits which he had made. These he had the temerity to send under the charge of Hampton to Cadiz, where, of course, they were instantly seized, and Hampton himself was threatened with the Inquisition.* Notwithstanding this loss, which he calculated at forty thousand ducats, the profits of the voyage remained large; and so tempting were they that the adventurer had no difficulty in fitting out another expedition in 1564, in which Queen Elizabeth herself and members of her Council took shares; and one of the finest of the royal ships, the *Jesus*, of Lübeck, was lent to him for the purpose. He came back in September, 1565, even more successful than before; the shareholders divided a profit of sixty per cent.† A very similar

* Hakluyt, ii. 466.

† The Niger.

‡ Hakluyt, p. 468.

§ One ship was scuttled where she lay for want of a crew to navigate her. But the other brought home over four hundred pounds of gold dust, thirty-six butts of grains (*i.e.*, pepper), and about two hundred and fifty elephants' teeth "of all quantities."

|| Towerson's Relation, Hakluyt, ii. 498.

* Hakluyt, First Voyage of Mr. John Hawkins, iii.

504.

† The despatches of the Spanish ambassador De Silva to his government about this time are full of the doings of Hawkins (Achines, the Spaniards called him,

notice will be sufficient for a third voyage undertaken by him in 1566, but in which he did not himself sail.

On the morality of these daring enterprises we need say nothing in this age. The monstrous growth of the African slave trade has developed to its full proportions since that day, and the world knows how to judge of it. It may even be said that it has grown rank and foul in the nostrils of Christendom, so that the same nation which carried it on masterfully and with the strong hand has had to stigmatize it by the mouth of David Livingstone as "the open sore of the world," and to post its squadrons of war ships off the African coast in order to put it down by the same means. In the period we are considering, however, the matter had other aspects. The peril and the adventure, combined with the certain and large gains of the traffic in slaves, drew a certain class of minds among the English mariners with irresistible force. It was taken up by a bold, a reckless, and unscrupulous, though not a large or representative class, among English seamen. Their voyages, though comparatively few, cast a lurid light across the page of history, which makes the annals of more peaceful trading enterprises grow pale; but as the student of the maritime history of those times knows well, the slave-trading element was really the least in amount and the smallest in economical importance of all those which made up the increasing volume of English maritime affairs. The conscience of the nation never really accepted the trade in slaves as lawful, though its golden fruits might tempt some even in high places, and its cruelty and essential wrongfulness be condoned in consideration of the bravery and enterprise, worthy of a better object, which were displayed by those engaged in it. It was like the "blockade-running" of our own day, perilous but profitable.

Before we quit this part of our subject we must glance at the exploits of Hawkins's friend and pupil, Francis Drake, whose achievements (such as they were) and whose fame surpassed even those of his master. He was not so much the slave dealer as the pirate; though it must be said in fairness that his piracy almost reached the comparative dignity of irreg-

ular warfare. On the Spanish Main this state of war was chronic, and the name of Drake (*Draco the Dragon*, as they were wont to call him) was but too familiar to every Spanish settlement along the coast which had been harried by him. A more legitimate ground for his fame was his voyage round the globe in 1577-80. He sailed from Plymouth in November of the former year, his own ship being named the *Pelican*, and four other ships and barks making up his fleet, which was manned with one hundred and sixty-four persons in all. He directed his course to the Cape de Verd Islands; but the adventurers were unable to trade there, Hawkins's previous exploits having occasioned peremptory orders from Madrid for the closing of all Spanish ports to the English free-traders. Nevertheless they landed, and occupied the "chief place of the Isle," there being no military force capable of offering resistance. Thence they made a stretch across the South Atlantic to the coast of Brazil, and there sailed along a country uninhabited, nor anchored except in one place north of the river Plate, where "they killed several sea-wolves (which we call seals), keeping them for food.*" They made their way through the Straits of Magellan (or Magellanicus, as they call him) with some risk, as the navigation was difficult and dangerous, on account of the turns and windings of the passage and the sudden storms of wind. But at length they reached the Pacific Ocean, where the English flag had never yet flown. It was no small feat that Drake had thus accomplished. There were no charts in those days; no narratives even of Magellan's voyage; while the equinoctial gales were drawing on, and his largest vessel, the *Pelican*, was only of one hundred and twenty tons burden. The Elizabeth, her consort, was of eighty tons burden only. With this feeble force—for the cutter of thirty tons burden which followed as a kind of tender need not be seriously counted—he calmly prepared to encounter all the dangers of this unknown ocean. The strength of their resolution was put to a stern proof immediately when, after their three weeks' anxious pilotage, they came out into the open sea. The very next day (it was September 7) a violent gale from the north-east caught them and drove them before it almost six

finding his name unmanageable in their language). Thus, in November, 1565: "The vast profit made by the voyage has excited other merchants to undertake similar expeditions. Achines himself is going out again next May, and the thing requires immediate attention." (Simancas MSS.; Froude's *History*, viii. 65.)

* Narrative, p. 20. The "Famous Voyage" is republished by Halsbury and Harris, and has been recently collated (by Mr. W. Vaux) with a similar "Narrative" of Francis Fletcher, chaplain to the expedition. Mr. Froude has summarized the story in his "History" with much graphic force.

hundred miles into the Antarctic Ocean. "They were driven by a storm back from that entrance more than 200 leagues in longitude and 1 degree to the south of the Strait. From the bay they were driven back to the southward of the Straights in 57 degree of South Latitude."*

Here the cutter was lost with all hands, and the two remaining vessels lost sight of each other. For six weeks they endured the bitter cold and baffling winds of those high latitudes before Drake in his own ship was able to beat slowly back to the neighborhood of the Straits; but there were no signs of his consort, and, in fact, Captain Winter, who commanded the Elizabeth, believing Drake to have been lost, made no attempt to sail northward to the appointed place of meeting, but made his way back into the Straits and regained England in safety in June, 1579. The great adventure, therefore, was left to Drake and his hardy mariners alone. What a plunge into the unknown it was for them may be gathered from the fact that they had supposed the coast of Chili to lie to the north-west, whereas they found it, to their surprise, to trend "to the north-east and easterly."

The Pelican had now fairer weather and stiller seas, and the adventurers coasted northwards until they drew near the port of St. Jago de Leon, the modern Valparaíso. Here they were hailed by an Indian fisherman in a canoe, who, taking them of course for Spaniards, informed them that a galleon was lying in the harbor at Valparaíso. The crew of the galleon were most of them on shore, only eight Spaniards and three negroes being left on board. These welcomed the strangers as friends by beat of drum, but was speedily undeceived by the seizure and rifling of their vessel. Here they found gold in wedges amounting to twenty-five thousand pezos,† and a descent upon the town gave them the plunder of the church in addition. The inhabitants of St. Jago had fled and carried off the best of their goods; but from the church they took "a silver chalice, two cruets, and an altar cloth, the spoyle whereof our General gave to Mr. Fletcher, his minister,"‡ and incontinently put to sea, taking with them a Portuguese pilot to show them the way to further spoil. Led doubtless by him, they swooped down next on Tarapaca, where it was usual to ship the produce of the silver mines of Potosí. It shows the

careless security in which those lands, "where it is always afternoon," basked in the absence of any enemy, that Drake and his men found, when they put into Tarapaca, a great pile of silver bars lying unprotected on the pier, and the peons (Indian laborers) who had brought them from the mines, lying asleep close by. The men they did not meddle with; the bars of silver were speedily transferred to their boat; and, just as they had completed the shipment, there appeared "a Spaniard and an Indian driving eight Peruvian sheep (which are as big as asses) laden with very fine silver, every sheep having two leather bags containing fifty pounds weight each of very fine silver on his back,"* so that in a very few hours they took as much silver as was worth four hundred thousand Spanish ducats (= 4s.). Only a few miles to the north lies Arica, where the same incidents were repeated, and fifty-seven more blocks of silver added to the rapidly growing store in the hold of the Pelican; and then they went on their way to Lima. From this place, as they knew well, sailed every year the galleon which carried home to Madrid the tribute in gold, silver, pearls, and other precious stones due to "his Most Catholic Majesty." This was the quarry Drake had hoped to pounce upon. He arrived off the port to find that he had come just a few days too late for it. There were twelve ships lying in the port in a dismantled condition, their sails unbent and their crews ashore; but the thirteenth, the galleon of the year, the Cacafuego, had sailed a few days before for Panama, laden, even ballasted, with silver, and having on board also a rich shipment of gold and jewels.

The Pelican was a fast sailer, and there was still a chance of overhauling the slow galleon. Drake set about his task in the rapid yet methodical way characteristic of him. The ships in the port were first ransacked (they yielded only "a chest of rials of plate, but good store of silks and linen"); then their cables were cut, and they were left to drift on shore, that the Pelican might have no pursuers to fear, and then Drake crowded all sail on his ship and went off in chase of the galleon. A constant watch was kept, and Drake promised that whoever first descried the Cacafuego should have his own gold chain as a reward. A sail was indeed sighted on the second day of the chase, which,

* Narrative, p. 20.

† The *pezo*, or piastre, is (or was) worth about 4s. 3d.

‡ Hakluyt, iv. 238.

* The Two Famous Voyages, Hakluyt, iv. 338. The "sheep" were of course llamas.

though not the ship they sought, yielded them eighty pounds of gold, together with "a fine crucifix of the same metal, richly adorned with emeralds as large as pigeons' eggs, besides a quantity of ropes and cordage, of which they were much in need.

Thus Drake pressed on at racing speed for eight hundred miles. At length, when they had reached about 1° of north latitude and had run about one hundred and fifty leagues from Panama, they caught sight of their chase about three o'clock in the afternoon. Drake was too cautious to alarm her captain by coming up with her at the full speed of his vessel, lest she should run in under the land to escape him, and he should lose her by stranding or otherwise. He had recourse to a curious expedient. Taking a number of his empty wine casks, he filled them with water, and throwing them overboard, towed them at the stern of his ship, which reduced her speed, so that she crawled along like a harmless merchantman. Thus he kept at a distance until sunset, when the casks were hoisted in or sent adrift, and the Pelican plunged upon the Spaniard, who in the mean time, absolutely unsuspecting of the character of the ship behind her, had shortened sail to allow her to come up. The Spaniards were soon to be undeceived, for Drake, running up within gunshot, but carefully keeping to windward of the galleon, hailed her with a peremptory order to come up to the wind, *i.e.*, to heave to. To this the Spaniard naturally enough paid no heed, when the Englishman opened his ports and poured in a broadside. A second and a third followed, and the mizzen-mast of the galleon was brought down by a shot. Clouds of arrows cleared her deck of soldiers and sailors both, and the English running alongside at once, and boarding, as was their custom, had the ship in their possession in a quarter of an hour. "We found in her great riches, as jewels and precious stones, thirteen chests full of royals of plate, fourescore pound weight of golde, and sixe and twentie tunne of silver. The place where we tooke this prize was called Cape de San Francisco, about 150 leagues from Panama."*

Drake seems never to have used unnecessary cruelty, and when he had made himself master of the treasure she carried the luckless Cacafuego was suffered to proceed on her way; but Drake said gravely and sternly to the master of his prize, Don San Juan de Anton, before setting him free:—

* The Two Famous Voyages, Hakluyt, iv. 239.
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I know the Viceroy will send for thee to inform himself of my proceedings. Thou mayest tell him he shall do well to put no more Englishmen to death, and to spare those four that he has in his hands; for if he do execute them they will cost the lives of two thousand Spaniards, whom I will hang and send him their heads.*

Having parted company with the Cacafuego, Drake made a descent on Guatulco, where he made some further booty. His boats' crews swooping down suddenly on the court-house, where the *alcaldes* were busy trying some negroes, carried off both them and their prisoners to the Pelican, where, being kept in custody until the town was sacked and the ship's casks refilled with water, they were dismissed without injury.

By this time the Cacafuego on her voyage back to Lima had fallen in with two Spanish ships of war, which had been sent out by the viceroy to convoy the treasure galleon, and, if they could, to capture Drake. They came too late for the one duty, but they might still do the other if their hearts did not fail them. On they sailed, therefore, and before long sighted the Pelican. She was under easy sail, and for all their apparent superiority of force (for they were three to one) Drake crowded no sail to escape from them, but, as in contempt of anything they could do, coolly allowed them to come up. Thus defied, the disposition of the Spaniards to fight grew less and less, and when they had approached within gunshot of the Pelican they put up helm and bore away whence they had come "for more assistance."

These valiant gentry gone, Drake (we pass over minor incidents),

thinking himself in respect of his private injuries received from the Spaniards, as also of their contempts and indignities offered to our country and Prince in generall, sufficiently satisfied and revenged; and supposing that her Majestie at his returne would rest contented with this service, proposed to continue no longer upon the Spanish coasts, but began to consider and to consult of the best way for his Country.†

It was indeed a matter needing much and anxious consideration. He could scarcely go back the way he had come, for squadrons were mustering behind him to intercept him should he turn southward,

* San Juan put back of course, and was examined by the viceroy, as Drake had anticipated. This was part of the evidence at his examination. (Deposition taken in the West Indies by the king of Spain's ministers—MSS. Spain, 1580, Rolls House.)

† The Two Famous Voyages, Hakluyt, iv. 239.

and so overpower him by sheer weight of metal. It was surmised by the Spaniards that he would try to transport his treasure across the Isthmus, and either build or seize a vessel on the other side to transport himself and it to England; but with the prescience of high ability he had already determined upon a third way, viz., to turn westward, cross the Indian Ocean, and get back to Plymouth round the Cape of Good Hope, thus sailing round the globe.

The first thing to be done was evidently to put his ship into seaworthy condition. He was already many months out; the hull of his vessel was foul with weeds and barnacles (it was, we must remember, before the days when copper sheathing was used), his rigging worn, and his whole equipment in want of a thorough refit. He ran on, therefore, northward until he was beyond the range of the Spanish ships (which seldom cruised far north of the equator), and then put into a little roadstead forming part of the Bay of Canoa,* in Lower California, where he beached and careened his ship, landed her guns and cargo, thoroughly refitted her from stem to stern. This occupied a month; then, having revictualled and watered, he set sail W.S.W.

It was again a plunge into the unknown, for neither he nor any one then on board had ever sailed those seas before. But it so happened that among the great number of ships he had captured was one taking out the new Spanish governor of the Philippines, which group of islands belonged then, as now, to his Catholic Majesty, and in this he found "the sea cards wherewith they should make their voyage and direct themselves in their course,† i.e., Portuguese charts of the Indian Ocean, the Archipelago, and the voyage round the Cape of Good Hope. After reaching that point he was, so to speak, in his own waters, and with the help of these charts he determined to try to find the way.

His first long stretch brought him to the Moluccas. There he made some stay at the Isle of Ternate, and then at another island to the south of Celebes, where they again scraped and cleaned the ship, making a continuance "in that and other businesses twenty-six dayes."

He was now in the heart of the most intricate and dangerous navigation in the world; the wind also was against the course he desired to take, which would

have led him straight through, the Flores Passage; and "being among a parcel of islands," he was obliged to put up his helm and beat round the northern coast of Celebes, and then southward through the Macassar Strait. Here the Pelican had an "experience" of another kind, and one which came perilously near being her last, as she crawled warily along through "infinite shoals" and reefs, not showing above water and therefore giving no warning of their presence by surf or otherwise. On January 9, 1579-80, at nightfall ("8 of the clock at night") the ship ran upon a hidden rock and remained immovable. Happily for the adventurers and their rich freight, the weather was fair and the wind light, which enabled them to lighten the ship "of three tunne of cloves, eight peeces of ordinance, and certain meale and beanes," when an opportune shift of wind brought them off the rocks again, "to the no little comfort of all our hearts, for which we gave God such prayse and thanks as so great a benefite required." Their voyage home henceforth was safe and uneventful. Reaching and passing through the Straits of Sunda, their ship rose and fell upon the great unbroken swell of the Indian Ocean. Stretching across this without incident, and coasting the Cape of Good Hope, she sailed proudly into Plymouth Harbor on November 3, 1580, "being the third yeere of our departure."

Great was the sensation that was caused throughout England by Drake's return. He and his ship's company had sailed from bound to bound, north to south, and east to west, of that vast ocean—the Pacific—which the king of Spain arrogated to himself alone as a *mare clausum* dependent on his realm. He had flouted the Spanish cruisers, taken and ransacked a dozen of his galleons, sacked his coast towns, and harried his harbors. His ship's prow had traced an ocean-furrow round the world. And as the outcome of all these exploits he had come home with the Pelican's hold heavy with blocks of silver and wedges of gold, emeralds and sapphires, pearls and diamonds, to an amount which was under rather than overestimated at a million and a half of money. We can hardly wonder that the man who had done all these things should, *malgré* the king of Spain's sullen anger and his ambassador Mendoza's threats of war, have become the hero of the hour.

He was sent for to court, where he was received with the greatest favor by the queen, to whom he presented a crown set

* Canno, Hakluyt, iv. 239.

† Nuno da Silva, Relation, p. 252.

with emeralds of great size* and a diamond cross. He was knighted, and his ship, the Pelican, visited in state by the queen. Drake was also lavish in his presents to the great officers about the court. To the lord keeper, Sir Thomas Bromley, he gave silver plate valued at eight hundred dollars, and to other members of the Council presents almost as costly. To the lord treasurer, Lord Burleigh, he offered ten bars of curiously chased gold, and to the Earl of Sussex vases and fountains of silver ornamented with gold. The two latter, however, declined the rich presents offered them. Ten thousand pounds out of the treasure were reserved for Drake and his crew; the merchant adventurers who had fitted out the expedition were paid by the queen cent. per cent. on their shares; and the remainder † was taken into the custody of the royal officers, the chests being at first stored in Saltash Castle, and afterwards brought to London and deposited formally in the Tower. Thus Elizabeth assumed the responsibility for the expedition by receiving the proceeds of it.

This celebrated expedition of Drake may be taken as a type of many audacious, though less distinguished, enterprises which have remained unknown to fame except in the form of a brief "Narrative" in Hakluyt, Harris's great folios of "Voyages," or Pinkerton's "Collection," and which we have not space here to describe particularly. It is a pity, for these men were the Argonauts of the modern world, and their roughly hewn stories of what they saw and what they did have a charm of their own. Some of them acted more as traders, others more as pirates; all were incidentally and more or less discoverers, and all carried their lives in their hands wherever they sailed. Whatever were their merits or their demerits, it was they, as a class, who made the English the boldest, hardiest, and most skilful seafaring population in the world.

The exploring voyages to North America had also their interest and their triumphs, and their results proved eventually far more important to the world than the glittering spoils of Drake and his com-

rades; but they had little or none of that romantic charm which fired the popular imagination.

The mainland of North America was in fact discovered by an English expedition, though commanded by a Venetian, John Cabot.* King Henry VII. furnished him with two ships and three hundred men, stipulating that he should receive one-fifth of the profits of the adventure. He sailed in the spring of 1497, and sighted land in 45° N. lat.; then turning northwards, ran along until he reached 60° N. lat., i.e., the coast of Labrador.

Cabot seems to have reached as far southward as Chesapeake Bay. The main thing attained in this voyage was the discovery of the mainland and the exploration of the magnificent inlet known as the Gulf of St. Lawrence. There were no profits of trading, and the country was, as far as Cabot could discover, uninhabited. He was astonished at the extreme cold of Labrador, it being in the same latitude, or nearly so, as the British Isles. He had expected a similarly genial climate, instead of which he found all things ice-bound and huge bergs still blocking the harbors. The Gulf Stream and its beneficent influences upon the climate of western Europe was of course then unknown, and unsuspected by Cabot. His son Sebastian, afterwards himself a distinguished discoverer, was with his father on this voyage.

The next name to be mentioned in the annals of north-western exploration is that of Martin Frobisher. His first voyage was not until 1576. Domestic troubles and religious dissensions, the rebellion of Northumberland and the fires of Smithfield, lay between the two, and people had no heart for enterprise in that direction for the time. It is a symptom of the greater degree of peace at home that, when Frobisher's little squadron sailed, as it passed by the court, then being held at Greenwich, "her Majesty [Elizabeth] was pleased to give us farewell by shaking her hand at us out of the window." It is the master of the Gabriel, Mr. Hall, who gives the brief record of the voyage; nor is there much worth relating; but a curious circumstance caused the voyage to be immediately repeated, which otherwise would probably not have been the case; for

* The queen wore this crown on the following New Year's day. (Froude, History, xi. 153.)

† Edmund Tremayne, the magistrate who was directed to make an inventory of the treasure and to take it over from the Pelican, was expressly instructed to afford Drake an opportunity of removing an unknown portion of the treasure for his own share before the making of the inventory was begun, which was done accordingly. (Domestic MSS., November, 1580; Simancas MSS., October 30, *descifrada de Don Bernardino*; and Corbett, p. 90.)

* Antonio Galvano, *Discoveries*, p. 417, calls him Cabota. (Translated and published by Hakluyt.)

We ought not to omit to mention John Verazani, an Italian in the French service, who paid a passing visit to this coast about 1527.

after the Captain's arrival in London it happened that one of the Adventurers' Wives threw a piece of black Stone into the fire, which the Captain had brought home this Voyage, which being taken forth and quenched in Vinegar glistened like Gold; whereupon some Refiners in London making an Assay of it reported that it held Gold, and that very richly for the quantity, and promised great matters from it if any Store could be found, offering themselves to adventure for the searching of those parts; and some secretly endeavored to get a Lease from her Majesty, thereby to ingross the whole profit to themselves.*

Another expedition sailed accordingly the next year (1577), on Sunday, May 26, after having "all received the Communion aboard the Aid [the largest vessel] from the minister of Gravesend, and prepared ourselves as good Christians and resolute Men for all fortunes." They reached the coast of Greenland safely, found there a mine of silver, "but could not be gotten out of the Rocks without great labor," and freighted their vessels "with such Stone, or supposed Gold-mineral, as he thought might countervail the Charges of both his Voyages to these Countries." It would be too long to give an account of their curious dealings with the natives. One old woman the sailors took to be a witch, and they "pulled off her Buskins to see if she were cloven-footed"!

The "ore" which Frobisher had brought this second voyage gave so much satisfaction that he was sent out again in 1578 with a great fleet, fifteen vessels in all, and with charge as well to procure more of the "ore" as to endeavor to discover a passage to "Cathaia" (China). The season, however, was unfavorable; the ships became entangled in the ice, and some of them were lost. They did not pass through Frobisher's Strait this voyage, but sailed sixty leagues up a broad inlet, which seems to have been no other than Hudson's Strait. Frobisher himself was confident that he might and could "have gone thro' to the South Sea, and dissolved the long doubt of a Passage to Cathaia."†

Sir Humphrey Gilbert's expedition in 1583 was an attempt to found a colony on the coast of North America, and was shared in by Mr. Walter Raleigh, who fitted out the bark Raleigh, of two hundred tons, as one of the squadron under Gilbert's command. But this vessel put back after the sailing of the fleet, for some

reason unexplained. The four remaining vessels arrived safely at the harbor of St. John's, Newfoundland, of which "harbor and 200 leagues every way" he took possession under his commission or grant from the queen. But this seems to have been an ill-managed enterprise, nor were the members held under proper discipline. Some of the vessels gave themselves up to indiscriminate piracy; many seamen deserted; the commander, a high-minded man, but somewhat visionary and unpractical, was speedily obliged to set sail for England; and on the voyage back his vessel was cast away and all hands drowned. The attempt to establish a colony entirely failed, and the only incident in it worthy to be recalled is that fine saying of the commander the day before his lamentable shipwreck, which has since frequently expressed the legitimate confidence of seafaring people: "*We are as near to heaven by sea as by land.*"*

The question of a north-west passage to China had by this time begun to engage the attention of the trading community in England, and the following expeditions were distinctly of an exploring character. They were mere summer voyages under Captain John Davis in 1585, 1586, and 1587, and in each case sailed in the middle of May and were back again in England by the middle of September. The only result of this series of voyages was the exploration of the great inlet (as it was then supposed to be) named, after the commander, Davis's Straits, as far as 72° 12' N. lat. Davis was in the right track to reach the passage, which, however, could never have been found, in all probability, with ships dependent on the wind, and therefore liable to be becalmed for long periods in those high latitudes. The discovery was of necessity reserved for steamships.

We may pass over without special notice the voyages of Ralph Fitch (1583-91), George Weymouth (1602), John Knight (1606), Jonas Pool† (1609, 1611, 1612), Benjamin, Joseph, and Thomas Edge (1613). These were for the most part whaling voyages by single ships or small fleets sent out by the Muscovia Company. This trade or fishery was now well established, and so flourishing that the English vessels were sent out heavily armed, in order to drive ships of other nations off the fishing grounds, or oblige them to pay

* Harris, Voyages, ii. 575.

† Narrative.

* Narrative, by Captain Edward Hayes.

† "Who was basely murdered betwixt Ratcliff and London after his return from this [latter] voyage."

tolls for permission to fish. Little attempt was made, under these circumstances, to explore farther, the brief Arctic summer being otherwise employed by the ships. Yet there were exceptions: William Baffin was twice commissioned by the Muscovia Company to seek for the north-west passage only. He seems rather to complain in his report that he was left unfurnished with whaling tackle, which would have enabled him to make "a saving voyage." He, however, discovered Baffin's Bay. He proceeded farther north than Davis had done, as is evident from his mention of Smith's Sound or Strait; but he cannot have examined the western side of Davis's Strait very closely, and therefore the true character of Lancaster Sound, with the north-west passage, which he was seeking, behind it, remained unknown to him.

We come back now to the last distinguished name among the Elizabethan explorers — Henry Hudson. His expeditions were sent out at the cost of "certain merchants of London." The first sailed in 1607, and penetrated some distance into the great inlet afterwards called by his name; but, foggy weather coming on, he was obliged to return. The following year he sailed again, to try for a passage in a north-easterly direction, round the north of Asia. After reaching the island of Nova Zembla, however, he was entangled in the ice and prevented from getting farther, so that he returned even earlier than usual. Nothing worth recording occurred this voyage.

The final voyage, which has invested Hudson's name with a tragical interest, began in April, 1610. The ship's company consisted of twenty-three persons. Hudson's impression — a mistaken one, as is now known — was that Hudson's Bay was an inlet of the Atlantic Ocean, or at least had communication with it, and his object was to explore it thoroughly on all sides. With this view he determined to winter in those regions, although very insufficiently supplied with provisions. Whether this was a sudden impulse we have no means of knowing; it was unquestionably an ill-judged one. There had been a want of harmony and cordiality in the crew from the first, and Hudson had found himself obliged (or thought himself so) to displace his officers and appoint others. Upon a discontented and ill-compacted crew the hardships of an Arctic winter fell with peculiar severity and aroused a spirit al-

most mutinous. They blamed the commander for their sufferings.

We were victualled for six Months in good proportion, and of that which was good, and if our Master would have had more he might have been supplied at home and in other places: and it is strange that he did not prevent the Hunger we endured, which occasioned the overthrow of himself and many other honest Men.*

All were reduced to great extremity. The unfortunate master at length "delivered all the Bread out of the Bread room, which came to a pound apiece for every man's share; and delivered also a Bill of Return, willing them to have that to show, if it should please God they should come home; and wept when he gave it to them." The crew were past being touched by the distress of their commander. "They had not eaten anything these three days," they declared in their secret communications with each other; "there was not fourteen days' Victuals left for all the Company at that poor allowance we were at" (it is one of the conspirators who thus describes it); they would therefore "turn the Master and all the sick men into the Shallop † and let them shift for themselves." ‡ Accordingly Hudson, his son, and seven others were sent adrift, and the ship set sail (it was then the end of June) for England. The unfortunate men thus abandoned were never heard of again, and though a relief expedition was sent out from England as soon as his fate was known no trace of Hudson and his companions was ever discovered.§

We are not to suppose that after this period the ardor for Arctic exploration altogether subsided in England, or that the desire died away for a north-west passage to the East. One more expedition — that of Fox and James in 1631 — partially accomplished the exploration of the northern outlet to Hudson's Bay, known later as Fox Channel. But from that time the interest in exploration for the most part slumbered until the middle of the eighteenth century. Then it once more revived, and entered upon a new and vigorous epoch, in which it was finally successful.

* Abacuk Pricket's Journal.

† A small boat.

‡ Abacuk Pricket's Journal.

§ It is not unsatisfactory to learn that the hard-hearted crew did not get off from the Arctic regions scot free; for four of them, and those the ringleaders, were slain in a quarrel with Esquimaux at Cape Digges,

From The Fortnightly Review.
ENGLISH AND AMERICAN FLOWERS.

BY ALFRED R. WALLACE.

I.

THE numerous English writers who have described their impressions of North America tell us all about the people, their manners and customs, their hotels and churches, the mode of travelling and the scenery, the rivers and waterfalls, the mountains and forests, the prairies and deserts; but hardly ever do they give us any information as to the kind of vegetation that covers the surface of the soil, or the flowers that adorn the roadsides, the forests, or the mountains. Hence it comes to pass that the majority of English readers, even those who delight in the wild flowers of their own country or the more varied beauties of the Alpine flora, have usually the vaguest and most erroneous ideas as to what flowers are to be found in the United States and Canada, and to what extent they resemble or differ from those of our own country.

There are many circumstances which render it difficult, even for the native who is not a botanist, to learn much about American wild flowers. Confining ourselves at present to the north-eastern states, we may say that three hundred years ago the whole country was covered with forest, and, with few exceptions, the herbaceous flowering plants were such as grew in the shade of trees or in the few open glades, in bogs, or on the banks of streams. Now, these forests have been so completely cleared away that comparatively little remains in its primitive condition, and often over extensive areas hardly a patch of original woodland is to be found. In other districts there is plenty of land covered with trees, but these are usually new growths, the timber having been felled again and again, as required for firewood, for fencing, or for other purposes. This wholesale clearing of the original forest-covering of the soil has led, no doubt, to the destruction of many lowly plants, some of which have become exterminated altogether, while others have been able to survive only in the few spots that still offer suitable conditions for their existence. Such places are comparatively rare, and often difficult of access; and hence the country, for a considerable distance round the larger cities and towns, affords but few of the really native plants, while common European weeds often abound. The old hedgerows, the shady banks and moist ditches, the deep-cut

lanes, and the numerous footpaths of our own country, which afford abundant stations where wild flowers have been preserved to us from prehistoric times, are almost wholly wanting in America. There the seeker after wild flowers must usually be prepared to walk long distances over rough and pathless fields or hills in order to reach the places where alone he has any chance of finding the rarer or the more beautiful species. Owing to this absence of pleasant rural pathways the inhabitants of the towns rarely walk far into the country for exercise or pleasure unless they have some special pursuit of sport or natural history, and that want of interest in the natural productions of the district which is sufficiently common in England is still more prevalent in America.

The relations of the entire flora of temperate North America to that of Europe and northern Asia have been the subject of much discussion among botanists. The late Professor Asa Gray made known, and, to some extent, popularized, the curious anomalies which these relations present, especially as regards the close affinity of the plants (more especially of the trees and shrubs) of the eastern United States with those of eastern Asia and Japan. Some account of Asa Gray's researches was given in this review, in 1878, in an article on "Epping Forest," and they are only now referred to because they have been used to uphold the theory that, as regards the distribution of plants, the north temperate zone of the eastern and western hemispheres cannot be separated, but must be considered to form one botanical region. Recently, however, Sir Joseph Hooker has stated his opinion that if we go beyond the two fundamental botanical divisions — the tropical and temperate floras, which, for purposes of geographical distribution, are of little interest, we must consider that the temperate floras of the Old and New Worlds are as distinct as are the tropical floras of the same areas; and he adds that, although the resemblances as regards certain genera and species of plants between eastern America and eastern Asia, is very remarkable, yet the temperate floras of Asia and America are in other respects totally dissimilar.* In the present article I shall endeavor to show, in a popular manner, what is the nature and extent of the dissimilarity between America and Europe as regards what are commonly known as wild flowers.

* See *Biologia Centrali-Americana, Botany*, vol. i., pp. lxvi.-lxvii.

In order to restrict the inquiry within moderate limits, it is proposed to consider, first and mainly, the relations between the wild flowers of Great Britain as representing those of western Europe, and those of eastern North America as given in Asa Gray's "Botany of the Northern United States," which includes the country from New England to Wisconsin, and southward to Ohio and Pennsylvania. This area may be fairly compared with that of England, France, and Germany, and will serve as a foundation for the wider comparison between North America east of the Mississippi with Europe, or of the whole of temperate North America with temperate Europe and Asia, to which occasional reference will have to be made. It must be understood that as our comparison regards only the native plants of the two countries, those numerous British or European species which have been introduced into America by human agency and have often become common weeds, will be left out of consideration altogether. We have to do only with the condition of the vegetation brought about by nature, undisturbed by the effects which have recently been produced by man.

There are two separate phenomena by which we may estimate the relations of the floras of two countries, both of which are important factors in the comparison — the absence from one country of whole groups of plants which are both common and widespread in the other, and the presence of new types entirely unknown in the other. It is usual to lay much more stress on the latter phenomenon, because the former occurs when there is no essential difference between the floras, the one having been recently derived from the other. Thus many species, and even genera, of west European plants are absent from Britain, but this does not lead us to consider the British flora as being essentially different from that of Europe, the deficiencies being plainly attributable to the smaller area, the limited range of climate, the recent glacial epoch, and other such causes. But, when the country in which the deficiency occurs is fairly comparable with the other in all these respects, the cause of the phenomenon is evidently a deep-seated one, and must be held to show a fundamental diversity in their floras.

There are, of course, in every extensive flora such as that of North America a considerable number of almost cosmopolitan groups or species, and many others which are found in all temperate regions. Thus,

no less than one hundred and fifteen European genera and fifty-eight European species are found at the antipodes in New Zealand, and many others in Australia and south temperate America. Among these are such familiar plants as buttercups, anemones, poppies, violets, St. John's worts, gentians, forget-me-nots, many genera of cresses and other crucifers, mint, scull-cap, loose-strife, sea-lavender, and many others; and there are also in the same remote countries such common English species as the lady's-smock (*Cardamine pratensis*), chickweed (*Stellaria media*), the cut-leaved geranium (*Geranium dissectum*), the silver-weed (*Potentilla anserina*), the common bind-weed (*Calystegia sepium*), and scores of others, all considered to be indigenous and not introduced by man. It is evident, therefore, that we must expect to find a considerable number of English species in North America and a still larger number of English genera, because this is a feature which occurs in all temperate regions, and cannot be held to prove any special relationship between these two countries. Among these familiar English flowers we find a tolerable number of violets, anemones, St. John's worts, vetches, potentillas, willow-herbs, gentians, and some others; while wild geraniums, saxifrages, stonecrops, campanulas, forget-me-nots, and true orchises are far less frequently met with than with us.

But what most strikes the English botanist (next to the altogether unfamiliar types that everywhere abound) is the total absence or extreme rarity of many plants and groups of plants which are the most abundant and familiar of our native flowers, and which are almost equally common throughout Europe, and often throughout northern Asia. There are, for instance, no true poppies like those so abundant in our corn-fields, no common or musk-mallows of the genus *Malva*, or gorse or broom or rest-harrow, no teasel or scabious, no true heaths, no bugloss or comfrey, no ivy to adorn the old trees and walls with its glossy foliage, no mullein, toad-flax, snap-dragon, or foxglove, no scented thyme, basil or marjoram, no bright blue ground-ivy or bugle, no white or yellow, or purple dead-nettles, no scarlet pimpernel, not even a primrose or a cowslip in all the land. There are, it is true, two species of *Primula* in the north-eastern states, one the bird's-eye primrose of our northern counties, and another still smaller peculiar species, but both are confined to limited districts near the great lakes,

and are not to be found unless specially searched for; and no other primroses are to be met with till we reach the Rocky Mountains, where there are two or three high alpine species.

Coming now to the endogenous plants, we find even more remarkable deficiencies. No daffodil, snowdrop, or snowflake is to be found wild in all North America, neither is there any crocus, wild hyacinth, colchicum, or lily-of-the-valley. The beautiful genus *Ophrys*, containing our bee, fly, and spider orchises, is quite unknown; and such familiar plants as the black-briery of our hedges, the flowering-rush of our streams and ditches, and the curious butcher's broom of our dry woods, are nowhere to be met with.

Now the important thing to be noted is, that most of these plants are not only abundant and familiar in many parts of England but are widely spread throughout Europe, and the larger part of them belong to groups which extend into northern Asia, and often reach the eastern extremity of that continent. If we take account of less important or less familiar plants this list might be doubled or trebled; and it might be still further extended if we took account of genera which range widely over Europe and Asia but happen to be rare or altogether wanting in England. Such, for example, are the following well-known garden flowers. The white and yellow asphodels, the red valerian (*Centranthus*), naturalized in many places on our chalk cliffs and old walls, the cinerarias, the gum-cistuses, the cyclamens, the daphnes, the true pinks (*Dianthus*), the numerous dwarf brooms (*Genista*), the corn-flags (*Gladiolus*), the candytufts (*Iberis*), the lavender and the rosemary, the ox-eye daisies, the stocks, the star-of-Bethlehem, the pæonies, the mignonettes, the garden rue, the various soap-worts, the tulips, the periwinkles, and a hundred others.

It must always be remembered, that the British plants noticed above as being absent from the indigenous flora of the United States are abundant with us and form characteristic features of our flora, that the larger portion of them range widely over Europe and western Asia, that more than half of them extend across northern Asia to the Pacific and often to China and Japan, while several extend over the greater portion of the eastern hemisphere, and are found also in Australia or South Africa. The absence of such a number of the characteristic and dominant groups of plants of the temper-

ate zone from so extensive and varied an area as the United States and Canada, is of itself a very remarkable phenomenon, and affords a *prima facie* ground for treating the temperate regions of the New World as a distinct botanical region.

Another feature to which botanists attach much importance in the comparison of separate floras is the proportionate abundance of the various orders and tribes in the two countries, which, when very different, leads to the general vegetation having a distinctive aspect. In this respect, Europe and eastern America differ greatly. Among the most abundant and characteristic groups, which every one recognizes in our own country and in Europe as common plants everywhere to be met with, are those of the cabbage and cress tribe (*Cruciferae*), the pink family (*Caryophyllaceae*), the umbel-bearers (*Umbelliferae*), the thistle-tribe of the *Compositae*, the bluebells (*Campanulaceae*), the primroses (*Primulaceae*), and the orchises (*Orchidaceae*); but all these are much less frequent in North America, and are usually so scarce as to take little or no part in determining the special character of the vegetation. As an illustration of the difference, there are only twelve indigenous genera of *Cruciferae* in the north-eastern United States with about thirty-five indigenous species, while the comparatively poor British flora possesses twenty-four genera and fifty-four species.

Instead of these characteristic European types we have in America some peculiar *Rubiaceae*, among which is the pretty creeping *Mitchella* or partridge-berry, and an enormous preponderance of *Compositae*, including numbers of non-European genera and a great variety of eupatoriums, asters, golden-rods, and sun-flowers, together with some of our well-known garden flowers such as *Liatris*, *Rudbeckia*, and *Coreopsis*. The milk-worts (*Polygala*) are rather numerous, and the milk-weeds (*Asclepias*) still more so, and these last are quite unlike any European plants. The beautiful phloxes are a very characteristic type almost exclusively confined to North America, and often affording brilliant patches of floral colors. Among the endogenous plants the numerous species of *Smilax*, well called "green-brier," are highly characteristic and peculiar, though the genus is found in southern Europe, while the beautiful wood-lilies of the genus *Trillium* (found again in eastern Asia) have curious or ornamental flowers. Add to these the interesting spider-worts forming the genera *Commelina* and *Tradescan-*

tia, and having their allies in the tropics, and we have completed the enumeration of the more conspicuous groups of non-European herbaceous flowering plants which give a distinctive character to the flora.

There are, however, many other plants which, although belonging to small orders and not represented by more than one or a very few species, are yet so abundant in individuals, and so widely spread over the country, as to contribute largely to the general impression which the North American flora produces on an English botanist on his first visit to the country. This may be illustrated by a brief account of some of the present writer's rambles in search of American flowers.

My first walk was on the 13th February, in the woody country to the north-west of Washington. Here we found on dry banks the beautiful little May-flower (*Epigæa repens*), and the pretty spotted wintergreen (*Chimaphila maculata*), both members of the heath family, and both of genera almost peculiar to America, allied species of each being found in Japan, while some of the forest slopes were covered with the beautiful *Kalmia latifolia*, another peculiarly American genus of Ericaceæ. The curious parasitic "beech-drops," one of the Orobanchæ tribe, is also peculiar, while the "partridge-berry" (*Mitchella repens*) has its only ally in Japan. Other plants observed were the *Aralia spinosa* or Hercules' Club, a small tree of a non-European genus, a species of *Smilax* like a slender, leafless rose-bush, a hairy-leaved blackberry (*Rubus villosus*), a wild vine, a white hepatica in flower identical with the European species, the curious skunk-cabbage (*Symplocarpus fœtidus*), belonging to the Arum family and also in flower, the "blazing-star" (*Chamelirium luteum*), one of the colchicum tribe and peculiar to North America, the rattlesnake plantain (*Goodyera pubescens*), really an orchis, of which there is one European species found also in Scotland, and a handsome sedge, *Carex platyphylla*. Thus, out of fourteen plants distinguished at this wintry season, only three belonged to British, and four or five to European genera, while the large majority were either quite peculiar to America or only found elsewhere in Japan, eastern Asia, or the Pacific islands. During another excursion to the rich locality of High Island, five miles from Washington, on March 27th, several other interesting and characteristic plants were found. Such were the "spring beauty" (*Claytonia*

virginica), a pretty little rosy white flower belonging to the Portulacæ, which often carpets the woods and takes the place of our wood-anemone, for though there are several wood-anemones in America they do not form so important a feature of the spring vegetation as with us. The rare and pretty "harbinger of spring" (*Erigenia bulbosa*), a minute umbelliferous plant quite peculiar to America, grew here abundantly, as did the pinnate-leaved Virginian water-leaf (*Hydrophyllum virginianum*). The may-apple (*Podophyllum peltatum*), and the twin-leaf (*Jeffersonia diphylla*), herbaceous plants of the Berberis family, were abundant, the former occurring elsewhere only in the Himalayas, while the latter is North American and east Asiatic. A yellow violet, a perennial chickweed, a tooth-wort (*Dentaria*), a stone-crop, and an unobscure saxifrage, alone showed any resemblance to our native vegetation.

About the middle of April, in the vicinity of Cincinnati, I was introduced to the spring flowers of the north-eastern states, in their full development. The woods were here carpeted in places with the "spring beauty," while in other parts there were sheets of the curious "Dutchman's breeches" (*Dicentra cucullaria*), like a small yellow dielytra, to which it is allied. Then there were smaller patches of the *Thalictrum anemonoides*, resembling a very slender wood-anemone, the exquisite little "Blue-eyed Mary," sometimes called "Innocence," (*Collinsia verna*), the handsome celandine-poppy (*Stylophorum diphyllum*), like our "greater celandine," but with larger and more richly colored flowers, the elegant lilac-colored *Phlox divaricata*, and the "blood-root" (*Sanguinaria canadensis*), with its beautiful white, star-shaped flowers.

Here, too, the buds of the handsome purple wood-lily (*Trillium erectum*) were just showing themselves, and there were large patches of the yellow and white American dog's-tooth violet (*Erythronium Americanum*), just coming into bloom. In a damp river-bottom, the exquisite blue *Mertensia virginica* was found. It is called here the "Virginian cowslip," its drooping, porcelain-blue bells being somewhat of the size and form of those of the true cowslip, but the plant is really allied to our lungworts. More homely looking plants were a creeping yellow buttercup, with blue, white, and yellow flowered violets, but they were utterly insignificant as compared with the many new and strange forms that constituted the bulk of the vegetation.

At the end of July I had the opportunity of seeing the swampy forests of Michigan, with their abundance of ferns, their pitcher plants (*Sarracenia*), yellow-fringed orchises (*Habenaria ciliaris*), and the curious little gold-thread (*Coptis trifolia*), found also in Arctic Europe, and so named from its yellow, thread-like roots, — all three growing in the dense carpet of sphagnum moss which covers the ground to the depth of one or two feet. In the cleared marshy ground, and along the margins of the streams and ditches, was a dense vegetation of asters, golden-rods, and other composites, many of which were of groups unknown in Britain or in Europe, while still lingering on the burnt-up roadsides were the handsome flowering spurge (*Euphorbia corollata*), with its curious white flowers, and the elegant foliage of the bird's-foot violet.

A few remarks on the general aspects of the country as regards native vegetation and flowers must conclude this very imperfect sketch. What most impresses the nature-loving Englishman while travelling in America, is the newness and rawness of the country, and the almost universal absence of that harmonious interblending of wild nature with human cultivation, which is so charming over a large part of England. In these north-eastern states, the native forests have been so ruthlessly destroyed, that fine trees are comparatively rare, and such noble elms, beeches, oaks, and sycamores as are to be found arching over the lanes and shading the farmhouses and cottages in a thousand English villages, are only to be seen near a few of the towns in the older settled states, or as isolated specimens which are regarded as something remarkable. Instead of the old hedgerows with tall elms, spreading oaks, and an occasional beech, hornbeam, birch, or holly, we see everywhere the ugly snake fence of split rails, or the still more unsightly boundary of barbed wire. Owing to the country being mostly cut up into one-mile square sections, subdivided into quarters, along the outer boundaries of which only is there any right-of-way for access to the different farms, the chief country roads or tracks zigzag along these section lines without any regard to the contours of the land. It is probably owing to the cost of labor and the necessity of bringing large areas under cultivation as quickly as possible, that our system of fencing by live hedges, growing on a bank, with a ditch on one side for drainage, seems to be absolutely unknown in America; and hence the constant references of

English writers on rural scenery and customs to "the ditch," or "the hedge," are unintelligible to most Americans.

The extreme rapidity with which the land has been cleared of its original forest seems to have favored the spread of imported weeds, many of which are specially adapted to seize upon and monopolize newly exposed or loosened soil; and this has prevented the native plants, which might have adapted themselves to the new conditions had the change gone on very slowly, from gaining a footing. Hence it is that the cultivated fields and the artificial pastures are less flowery than our hedge-bordered fields and old pastures, while the railway banks never exhibit such displays of floral beauty as they often do with us. An American writer in the *Century* for June, 1887, summarizes the general result of these varied causes, with a severe truthfulness that would hardly be courteous in a stranger, in the following words:—

"A whole huge continent has been so touched by human hands, that over a large part of its surface it has been reduced to a state of unkempt, sordid ugliness; and it can be brought back into a state of beauty only by further touches of the same hands more intelligently applied."

Let us hope that intelligence of this kind will soon be cultivated as an essential part of education in all American schools. This alone will, however, have no effect so long as the fierce competition of great capitalists, farmers, and manufacturers, reduces the actual cultivator of the soil, whether owner, tenant, or laborer, to a condition of sordid poverty, and a life of grinding labor which leaves neither leisure nor desire for the creation or preservation of natural beauty in his surroundings.*

Although with the limited opportunities afforded by one spring and summer spent in America, it is impossible to speak with certainty, yet both from my own observation, and from information received from residents in various parts of the eastern states, it seems to me, that in no part of America, east of the Mississippi, is there such a succession of floral beauty and display of exquisite color as are to be found in many parts of England. Such, for instance, are the woods and fields of daffodils, "which come before the swallow dares, and take the winds of March with beauty;" the wild hyacinths, whose nod-

* American periodicals are full of accounts and illustrations of the poverty and hard lives of the small farmers. See, in the *Arena* of July, the article by Hamlin Garland, "A Prairie Heroine."

ding bells, of exquisite form and color individually, carpet our woods in April with sheets of the purest azure; the soft yellow of primroses in coppices or along sunny hedge banks; the rich, golden yellow of the gorse-bushes which, when seen in perfection as in the Isle of Wight, Cornwall, or Ireland, is so superlatively glorious, that we cannot wonder at the enthusiasm of the great Linnæus, who, on beholding it, knelt down and thanked God for so much beauty; later on the clearer yellow of the broom is hardly less brilliant on our heaths and railway banks, while the red ragged-robin, and the purple or rosy orchises often adorn our marshes and meadows with masses of color; then come the fields and dry slopes, gay with scarlet poppies, and the noble spikes of foxgloves in the copses and on rough banks, followed by, perhaps, the most exquisitely beautiful sight of all, the brilliant sheets and patches of purple heath, sometimes alternating with the tender green of the young bracken, as on some of the mountain slopes in Wales, sometimes intermingled with the rich golden clumps of the dwarf gorse, as on the wild heaths of Surrey or Dorset.

Truly, the Englishman has no need to go abroad to revel in the beauty of color as produced by flowers. Although the number of species of plants which inhabit our islands is far less than in most continental areas of equal extent, although the gloom and grey of our skies is proverbial, and we want the bright sunshine of American or Eastern summers, yet these deficiencies do not appear to lessen the luxuriant display of bright colors in our native plants. The mountains of Switzerland, the arid plains of the Cape and of Australia, the forests and swamps of North America, provide us with thousands of beautiful flowers for the adornment of our gardens and greenhouses, yet, from the descriptions of these countries by travellers or by residents, it does not seem that any one of them produces a succession of floral pictures to surpass, or even to equal, those which the changing seasons display before us at our very doors. The absence of fierce, long-continued sunshine, which renders it difficult for us to grow many fruits and flowers which flourish even in the short Canadian summer, lengthens out our seasons favorable to vegetation, so that from the violets and daffodils of March, to the heaths and campanulas, the knapweeds, and the scabious of September or October, we are never without some added charm to our country

walks if we choose to search out the appropriate spots where the flowers of each month add their bright colors to the landscape.

To the botanist, the poverty of our English flora contrasts unfavorably with the number of species and the strange or beautiful forms to be found in many other temperate regions, and to him it is a great delight to make the acquaintance, for the first time, in their native wilds, of the many curious plants which he has only known before in gardens or in herbaria. But the simple lover of flowers, both for their individual beauty and for the charm of color they add to the landscape, may rest assured that, perhaps with the single exception of Switzerland, few temperate countries can equal, while none can very much surpass his own.

From The New Review.

VILLAGE LIFE IN PERSIA.

BY J. THEODORE BENT.

TRADITION, invention, or some other subtle agency has given the name of "manna" to a certain natural product found amongst the mountains of Persia; it is white, like hoar frost; it is sweet as honey; and at certain seasons of the year it covers the ground like dust. These seem to be the chief reasons for supposing it to be the identical food that the children of Israel ate in the Wilderness. Curiosity was the motive power which induced my wife and myself to leave the beaten track and to pursue a road which took us through the mountains where the so-called "manna villages" are, and in this *détour* we not only satisfied the curiosity in question, but got an insight into Persian village life unobtainable on the road that everybody has taken.

We left Ispahan one fine morning in April, with its blue-tiled domes sparkling in sunshine, and its gardens fresh with the intense green of a Persian spring; we passed those fraudulent shaking minarets, the stock sight of that town; we passed the old temple of the fire-worshippers on its conical hill, and then followed a road through a fertile valley, rich in cornfields, melon grounds, vineyards, and gardens. We halted for our midday repose at a tiny village, and as we ate our frugal meal we watched men preparing mud for building purposes, the only material known in these villages. Out of the ground before the village they dig the required soil; this

they pile up in an open space and turn a stream on it, often leaving only a narrow footpath betwixt dangerous pitfalls for the mules to find their way. For the naked-legged children the sea of mud is a paradise; little urchins were wading in it up to their waists, each wearing numerous charms to ward off the evil eye—blue buttons from the sacred shrine of Koom, and verses of the Koran tied round their arms; one of the infant paddlers had a rude figure of a man sewn on to its back, another had a green one on its back and one on each of its shoulders to ward off any uncanny influence that it might encounter. Such decorations, with the round cashmere caps the children wear about here, made the little paddlers look like miniature clowns escaped from a pantomime.

All the way to Nejifabad, our first night's resting-place, the fertility continued; men were digging in the fields with huge spades with chains attached; one man pushes this spade into the ground, whilst two others drag it up by means of the chains; and as evening drew on we met many yokes of bullocks, with their plough fixed on their yoke by its share, and the tail trailing behind.

Nejifabad is a village of sinister reputation, a recognized centre of the revolutionary Baabi sect, which many times during the present reign has driven terror into the heart of the shah. Baab, the founder of this sect, was one of those men who narrowly escaped being a mighty prophet; he was ordered to be shot for his iniquities in the great square of Teheran; the volley that was directed at him did not kill him, and in the smoke he crawled away unseen. Dismay filled the hearts of his executioners, and a momentary gleam of triumph thrilled through his followers, and if the unfortunate wretch had not been found behind a wall hard by and brought again on the scene, he would easily have established the divine origin he claimed, and all Persia would have become Baabi.

The ungrateful Baabi of to-day say that, after all, poor Baab was not of divine origin, only a sort of John the Baptist, the gate (Baab) into the light of heaven. Bohar is the present head of the faction, the Christ of their religion. Bohar signifies "light," and "His Illumination" lives in honorable exile at Acre, in Syria. In one respect the Baabi religion agrees with the orthodox creed of Persia, namely, in asserting that a perpetual incarnation of the supreme deity, a Hudjet, exists on earth.

Noah, Moses, and Jesus Christ were in their day the temporary incarnations of the same spirit. Baab came of the same spiritual stock, and so does Bohar. To the Christians the Baabi claim close affinity, and most of their religious tenets have been reproduced from the New Testament. They are very partial to Englishmen, as we found to our joy at Nejifabad, where we had no difficulty in obtaining comfortable quarters, and our host talked to us in rapturous, but vague, terms concerning the glory of Queen Victoria's reign, the abolition of slavery, and the many philanthropic measures which have graced the period.

That sect of Mohammedans to which the Persians belong, commonly known as the Shiah sect, or followers of Ali, also believe in this perpetual incarnation, but they say that the twelfth Imam was the true incarnation of the Deity, a man who lived many centuries ago and was spirited away alive to some mountain recess, where he will remain until Mohammed sends him back to rule over his own. This doctrine has given an excellent handle to would-be incarnations, and Baab was not slow to avail himself of it, and proclaimed himself the Hudjet. Through all their persecutions the Baabi have continued to exist, because they are the advocates in Persia of rational religion, education, and advance, and when an opportunity occurs there is little doubt that they will assert themselves and form a considerable factor in the regeneration of this ancient country.

Nejifabad, with its fine square and avenues of trees, did not look at all like the hotbed of revolution, for we heard the evening prayers said with as much unction as elsewhere. It is only in whispered conversation with men like our host that one could suspect the freemasonry of discontent which here exists.

Persia is a country honeycombed with sectarianism, but the most curious thing is that the heads of each sect lives out of the country. The *Mustehed* of all Persia, the metropolitan of the Shiah sect, live at Kerbela, in Mesopotamia, watching over the tomb of Ali on Turkish soil; Bohar, the light of the Baabi, is, as we have said, in exile at Acre; the Armenians look to a metropolitan at Etchmiazin, in Russia; whilst the head of the Parsee fire-worshippers resides in India.

Certainly, Persia, off the main line of route, is as different as possible from the Persia that the ordinary traveller sees. For two days after leaving Nejifabad we

passed through villages nestling in fertility. Each village is, or rather was, protected by its mud fort, built on a hill, around which the cottages cluster—cottages which dazzle the eye with their continuity of mud domes and brown walls. Wapusht looked like a nest of cottage beehives stuck together. Within, the houses were comfortable enough, and bore every appearance of prosperity, for here they are off the routes which soldiers and governors of provinces pass over, and when free from government extortions Persia prospers.

On ascending to higher ground we came across a cold and barren district; the howling wind from the snow mountains made us again love those furs which we had considered such unnecessary burdens when leaving Ispahan. These sudden changes of temperature are the bane of the Persian traveller, and woe to those who are not provided with artificial warmth. On reaching the village of Kurd-i-Bala, the first of the manna villages, we found ourselves in Armenian society. Of late years the Armenians in Persia, by foreign intervention, have had their condition greatly ameliorated, and if this state of things is allowed to continue they are likely once more to become the most prosperous of the shah's subjects. I was glad enough to warm myself by taking a brisk walk on reaching our destination, and accepted gladly the offices of Karapiet, the Reis or headman of the village, and our host, who volunteered to take me up the mountain-side and show me the manna shrub.

In the fields around the village Armenian women were tilling the ground. On their heads they wore tall headdresses, with flat crowns and silver chains dangling therefrom—very uncomfortable gear for purposes of husbandry—and beneath their bright red skirts peeped drawers with embroidered edges. Armenian women hide only the lower part of the face, deeming it unseemly that the mouth should be shown to members of the opposite sex.

Kurd-i-Bala is a great village for manna, the *gez-angebeen*, as the Persians call it. About twenty minutes' walk brought us to a gorge in the mountains where acres of the shrub grow. The *gez*-tree is a low and parasol-shaped plant of the Tamarisk tribe, never reaching more than three feet in height; its leaves are small and sombre in color, and it has all over it long, prickly thorns. On these leaves there comes a small insect, which is red at first, like a

harvest bug; later on it turns into a sort of louse, and finally becomes a tiny moth, which, before it flies off, produces a thin white thread, about half an inch long, which hangs on the bushes. This the manna collectors shake off on to trays, which are put below for the purpose, and the material thus collected they call *gez*. They say the insect appears fifteen days before the hot weather begins, and disappears fifteen days before the cold season sets in. Every third day during a term of forty days about August they collect this species of honey from the trees, which forms itself into a white, gelatinous mass, and the leaves become covered again with surprising rapidity.

Karapiet was very proud of his speciality and quite enthusiastic when he described the acres of whiteness this spot presented in the summer time. He said that if you go to sleep under a *gez*-tree you will wake up with a coating over you as of snow; if there is a high wind it will certainly be blown to some distance; but the connecting link between this manna and that consumed by the Israelites is lost, if ever there was one. As for the Arabic word manna, it is only known in Persia amongst the druggists, and does not apply to the sweet honey of the *gez*-tree, but to certain exudations from the oak and other milky exudations from shrubs which are largely made use of in the Persian pharmacopœia. The villagers evidently drive a highly satisfactory trade in this line, and furthermore, they put the *gez*-tree to another use, making tooth-brushes thereof, something resembling the orris-root tooth-brushes one sees in Turkey. A small branch, about six inches long, is frayed at one end, and this is used to scrub with; it is reckoned particularly beneficial and is supposed to produce that ivory whiteness for which Persian teeth are so justly celebrated.

Early next morning, we were on our way again to Khoonsar, the chief town of this manna district, in the bazaars of which quantities of this strange food may be bought, either in the raw or turned into little round cakes of stickjaw sweetmeat. The mountains in this little district are very grand; one long series of snow-capped peaks rejoicing in the name of the Forty Daughters. Curious it is how the number forty has for ages been such a favorite one in these Eastern countries. The Forty Pillars is one of the finest remains now to be seen at old Persepolis; a palace at Ispahan is called, also, Forty Pillars, though its exquisitely pretty log-

gia has nothing like that number of supports. This use of the number forty carries us back to our "Arabian Nights" and the Forty Thieves, to St. Paul's "Forty stripes save one," and further back still to the forty years passed by the children of Israel in the Wilderness. Evidently, in primitive days, forty was used to express a great number and a weary, long time. Persia in these modern days has preserved for us many interesting bonds of union with that primitive past. At all events, the Forty Daughters, whoever they may have been, treated us with scant courtesy. From their snowy heights they blew down upon us gusts of icy wind, which nearly paralyzed the hands with which we sought to guide our mules. The road which leads to Khoonsar is in parts eight thousand feet above the sea level, bleak and barren as the Desert of Sin ever was, except for the manna-trees, which grew in abundance to the right and left of us. The cold reception given us by the Forty Daughters was as nothing to that of the inhabitants of Khoonsar. We had foolishly armed ourselves with no introduction in this place, and from door to door we wandered, to be driven away with scorn as infidel dogs. By dint of the promise of much gain, we induced a leading inhabitant to take compassion on us and take us in; but then he had a harem and a cross-grained wife, whom we had not taken into account. She screamed and stormed when she heard that infidels were to be lodged under her roof, and with ignominy we were compelled to face the elements again, and to seek shelter in a miserable cottage which we had previously passed by with scorn.

Mrs. Miriam Biago was our hostess, and she did her meagre best to make us comfortable. She was very handsome, with eyebrows which met over her nose; in her loose cloak and red undergarments, she looked exceedingly picturesque, as she sat and fanned the brushwood fire put into the pot in the floor. She made a horrible smoke, good woman, when she stirred the embers with a poker, but this soon escaped through the hole in the ceiling and the unglazed window, and when the lid was put on the glow of warmth was exquisite; we could hardly bear our feet upon it at first, and next morning we could still feel the warmth with our hands.

Khoonsar is more like Innsbruck than any place I ever saw; a large, straggling town, built at the foot of snow-capped mountains. Rushing streams dash through its midst, and, despite the temporary gust

of cold, its gardens were radiant with blossom, and the poplars and willows, with their fresh green, relieved the monotony of the reddish brown houses—or ruins one ought to say, for what Persian town is not more than half ruined from that absurd idea that where the death of an owner has occurred it is unlucky for his successor to dwell? It has a quaint mosque and a sacred tomb of ancient red brickwork, plastered against the mountain-side, and in its narrow, radiant valley Khoonsar is one of the loveliest spots in Persia.

In the dark, narrow bazaars are many fabricators of the manna cakes, and we learnt the recipe. The raw material from under the manna-trees is beaten up with white of egg and sweetened with sugar; then formed into round cakes, with pistachio nuts and almonds inserted. These are baked before a slow fire, sprinkled with meal, and put into cases of scented wood, to give them a desired aroma; finally, when sufficiently seasoned, they are packed in boxes and dispersed throughout the land, to be consumed with avidity by the sweet-devouring ladies in the harems.

Our ride through the gardens of Khoonsar was very pleasant, for the sun shone brightly and drove from our bones the chilly influence of the Forty Daughters. Amongst the verdure flitted many gaily plumaged birds; amongst others, "King Solomon's bird," as the Persians call the hoopoe. The peasants, who are particularly happy in animal legends, relate how one day all the birds came to King Solomon for gifts. To the hoopoe he gave a crown of gold on the head, but they were so slaughtered for their treasure that the miserable birds went to the wise king and begged that the tuft which they now have might be substituted in its stead. Nevertheless, poor things, their lot is even now an unhappy one, for women love to pluck one alive, and draw blood before it dies, with which to make a charm to retain their husbands' love, and there is no King Solomon to assist them now in this dire calamity.

The Persian peasants are exceedingly bold in their asseverations concerning the cause of eccentric shapes in animal life. The tortoise they call "the daughter," in conformity with this legend: An Arab girl once put a louse into the bread which her mother was making; the enraged woman exclaimed, on seeing it, "May you become old and have a wrinkled neck," and lo! the cake turned into the round back, the platter became the flat belly, and the girl

a tortoise between them. Thus, too, they account for the jackal's laugh: Once the jackals were inside the towns, and the dogs without; the animals determined on effecting an exchange, and every night the jackals come to laugh at the dogs in their captivity. Pretty stories like these remind one of what the state of society must have been in *Æsop's* days. For us artificial Europeans, in Persian village life we find that which transports us to centuries long gone by. We had an earthquake one night during our wanderings, and were delighted by the explanation our muleteer gave us of this unpleasant phenomenon. "A bullock," said he, "supports the world on its horns; first it holds the globe on one horn, and when tired transfers it to the other; and during the transference occur the tremors of the earth."

At a large village called Gulpaagoon, some twelve miles from Khoonsar, we again halted for the night, to consider how best we could get across country from the manna villages to join the main road to Teheran. This was decidedly the most difficult part of our journey; no one seemed to know the road or the distance, and at this place difficulties of obtaining lodgings again confronted us. This time I stood forth and publicly announced my firm intention of reporting our discomforts to Zil-es-Sultan, the "Shadow of the Sultan," the governor of Ispahan, and eldest son of the shah, if accommodation was not provided for us. The effect was wonderful; whispers were exchanged amongst the bystanders, and out from amongst them stepped, with a smiling face, a tailor, rejoicing in the name of the "Light of God." He had a neat little room which he placed at our disposal, and the magic name of the Zil had the effect of silencing any female discontent at our intrusion.

The Zil, by the way, is not as powerful as he once was; he is not now the recognized heir to the throne, having got into disgrace with his father. Two years ago he could do exactly as he pleased, and had the reputation of being excessively cruel if the villagers in his province displeased him. From one transgressor he cut off the hands, and had the sufferer led through the bazaars, with the amputated hands held out to passers-by as if supplicating for alms. The Zil, in those days, made great fun of the mollahs, or priests; one of these offended him, and he had him photographed amongst a lot of dancing girls, and threatened that if he misbehaved again he would circulate the picture

amongst his parishioners. Another offending priest he caused to be shut up in his stable with all his horses loose, to the infinite terror of that reverend gentleman. But now the Zil is humbled, he has his palace filled with mollahs; no more tricks are played upon them, and the "Shadow of the Sultan" conducts himself as a good Mussulman should.

The "Light of God" was in very truth a godsend to us; he provided us with an excellent fire, for the night was chilly; he kept us fairly secluded from the crowds who loved to stare at us, and in return for all his kindness we gave him as good a pair of English scissors as ever Persian tailor possessed.

From Gulpaagoon our way was exceedingly vague. We inquired the distance from ten to twenty individuals, most of whom gave us a different answer. Striking an average for ourselves, and consulting our compasses, we generally found our way, though possibly it was not the shortest. "What a laden mule can do in an hour" is the accepted definition of the Persian unit of calculation. They call them "farshakhs," which philologists connect with the parasang of antiquity; but then there are "fat farshakhs" and "thin farshakhs," the fat ones being by far the most numerous. This unhappy uncertainty concerning distance is the same wherever this long measure is in vogue. The Greek *hora* is a terribly long hour, the German *stund* is as bad, and all contribute to the discomfort of the weary traveller.

We had to pass through a favored district of Persia called the *Mahallat*, where abundance of water is productive of extreme fertility; various ridges of blood-red mountains lay between us and this happy valley. Our muleteers had never been on this road before, and now and again we felt as helpless as ever Columbus did on the trackless waters of the Atlantic.

Halting at a village by the way, called Robat Murad, we put up in the house of a retired soldier, who knew something of the world and its ways, and, despite the remonstrances of his wife, scorned not to take profitable infidels under his roof. Strolling leisurely that afternoon outside this uninteresting spot, we noticed a little crowd assembled by a stream, and hurrying thither I saw a corpse being washed. Even in death the sexes are scrupulously divided, and there are two holes in the stream which runs by Robat Murad, one of which is set aside for washing female corpses, and the other for males; but, with the carelessness inherent in the Oriental,

both these holes have been selected above the village, regardless of the fact that the stream is used lower down for all domestic purposes. Scarcely is the breath out of the body before the corpse is prepared for burial. Men wash men, and women wash women, but in the latter case the women, having prepared the body of their departed sister for burial, leave it at a certain spot for the men to bury, as in Persia a woman goes not to the tomb.

In the small villages there are no hired mourners as in the towns, but everybody assists in wailing. If the defunct is a big man, or a pilgrim who has been to Meshed, Kerbela, or Mecca, the wailings are on an increased scale, and the body is put into a coffin to await an opportunity for its removal to one of the sacred shrines. These coffins are not hermetically sealed, and the effluvium created by a cavalcade of them on the way to Kerbela is one of the minor horrors which a Persian traveller has to encounter.

I saw the men bury the dead body they had washed. I also saw the fine entertainment of "pilaw" and cakes on copper trays which they had provided for themselves by the grave, and the water-pipes with which they regaled themselves between the intervals of their lamentations. *Haleem*, or sweetened wheat, is thrown into the tomb for the dead to eat; and the shrouds left loosely open, so that Ali may more easily take the departed aloft; small crutches being put into the grave to assist the little soul in its resurrection. The shrouds are made after a strictly conventional pattern, and then, like swaddling clothes, they are bandaged round the body from the toes upwards, until the corpse looks like an old picture of Lazarus. The body is laid on its right side, with the face towards Meshed, and if the deceased is well-to-do, a seid or descendant of the prophet rides on horseback to the grave before the bier, and the mourners sing the virtues of the departed. No coffins are used except for the transportation of corpses, to the great satisfaction of the wolves and jackals, who frequently empty the unprotected cemeteries of their contents.

Mahallat, celebrated in Persian song for its green gardens and productive fields, was reached at last. Close behind Mahallat, in the mountains, rises a river, which fertilizes the valley, and after pursuing its course for about fifty miles, loses itself in the salt desert of Koom. This river is far more deserving of a poet's attention than "Bendermere's stream" is at the

present time, on the banks of which not a rose grows, nor a blade of grass, as far as we could see, whereas the river of Mahallat waters many a shady bower. But we only tarried one night, being anxious to proceed on what was still a journey of doubtful length. Another weary day over rugged mountains and barren desert brought us to a place called "Dowletabad" or "Government village," a square hamlet, fortified, if we can use such an expression, with mud walls; the enclosure is of considerable size, but within are to be found nothing but a few hovels with domed roofs, and a mass of ruins, for Dowletabad has been sorely oppressed by members of that government whose name it bears, and its inhabitants have either died from want or fled from taxation and oppression.

The den allotted to us for the night, for it deserves no better name, was equal to anything in dirt and misery that we had come across in Persia; our beds were erected on a sort of raised platform strewn with vermin-infested carpets; in one corner was a hole where the family cocks and hens were inserted at nightfall, only to disturb our troubled slumbers by inordinately early crows; in another corner was the loom for weaving carpets, with a hole sunk in the ground for the weaver's legs. Our luggage, our mules, and our men slept outside our crazy door in the open air, and I imagine they had much the best of it.

Dowletabad is a good instance of the ruin brought on Persian village communities by government exactions. It is the personal property of one Aga Khan, who is now in exile in India, and from it and his wretched rayats therein this man has exacted the uttermost farthing, so that those who are left scarce know how to live. I should think there are not a hundred souls left in the place, which in its best days must have contained over a thousand; there seemed scarcely enough individuals to contend with the goats and milk them when in the evening the herds drove them in. As for the land around, which once had been cultivated, and could be still, for water is abundant, it is rapidly returning to its pristine condition of desert. Everything in Persia depends on whether a village is brought into direct intercourse with the government or not. In the more retired valleys, where grasping khans do not penetrate, fertility and contentment reign, but if the shah or the governor of a province cannot pay inferior officers they give them a village or villages to do their worst with, and woe to the vil

lage thus given — nobody therein can call anything his own.

Latterly, foreign ambassadors have taken the question of insecurity of property in Persia under their notice. Sir H. Drummond Wolff has extorted from the shah and his ministers promises to respect the property of the subject. The promise has been kept, I believe, for some months now, but a modern Persian promise is not like that law of the ancient owners of this soil, which altered not, and the shah will always have the trump card to play as long as Russia and England hover round him like vultures, ready to seize on his decaying carcase. If the English ambassador insists on his being too just, he can frown on him and smile on the Russian, and *vice versa*; for there are only two ambassadors in Persia worthy of the name; the representatives of other nations are merely ornamental.

England and Russia have their separate villages allotted to them by the shah, where the representatives of these countries can retire during the summer heats. They are on the slopes of the mountains behind Teheran. Gulahec is the name of the English village, and it is governed entirely by English law; when the French minister wishes to go there he has to obtain permission from the English. What a contrast there is between Gulahec, the shah's present to England, and Dowletabad, the shah's present to Aga Khan! At Gulahec everything is prosperous, it is the model village of Persia; but I don't think a more miserable specimen of Persian village life could be found than that which we saw at Dowletabad, our last halting-place before returning to the beaten track.

From The National Review.

FRENCH SCHOOLGIRLS.

THE French rage for "high" education of women, with its formidable array of girls' lyceums, classes, lectures, examinations, and diplomas, is wholly modern; and, whether for praise or for blame, the entire responsibility rests with the republican government. Previously, no one cared for much learning in women. With De Maistre, most men thought that "*les femmes ne sont pas faites pour être savantes*;" and, although, like Molière's Chrysale, they might tolerate "gleams of light" —

Je consens qu'une femme ait *des clartés de tout*,

yet, with the same Chrysale, their innermost feeling was expressed by the line: —

Je vis de *bonne soupe*, et non de beau langage;

and they were fully convinced that when a woman looks too closely into books she looks less closely into her saucepans. The French women famous for their *esprit* and attractions were usually self-taught, and neither learned nor very accomplished. Every man was afraid of learned women; the very phrase called up disagreeable associations. Georges Sand says that the image presented to most people's minds by the expression "a superior woman" was that of an ugly creature with blue spectacles and ink-stained fingers. There was some truth in the assertion. Women really very well informed were the exception, and they had not usually the art of carrying their acquirements easily and gracefully. There was something "top heavy" about them, and they seemed provokingly pedantic. Like a very clever Frenchwoman of our acquaintance, when offered books for seaside reading, many might have answered that they had with them all that they required for their enjoyment — Homer and Sophocles — proceeding to dilate on the merits of both. Not having either Homer or Sophocles present to their minds, average men felt annihilated by such speeches, and cordially hated the learned ladies with superior intellects. Even without such pretensions, women who read much, or who talked of books, were ridiculed. A passing allusion to a fashionable novel could be tolerated from a married woman; but only the interest of the story must be discussed — not the literary merit.

The typical *jeune fille* was superficial. Her intellectual acquirements were expected only to make up an attractive surface over practical virtues — like the sugar-icing of a substantial cake. She cultivated music to the extent of a *joli talent*, or pretty accomplishment. She played, by dint of practice, namby-pamby drawing-room pieces; but she had no idea how to interpret the great masters, and was ignorant of the science of harmony. She sang insignificant songs, chosen for the propriety of the words; she painted flowers and landscapes, more or less wretchedly; she spoke broken English with a very bad cadence, and read harmless Tauchnitz novels; she excelled in needlework; she learned by heart selec-

tions from the "Beauties" of various writers; but, with the exception of Racine's "Esther" or "Athalie," no play was read through, because it was sure to contain "improper" passages, and even what was chosen for her use had been improved upon. Thus, in Lamartine's beautiful poem "Le Lac," many stanzas were suppressed, and, in defiance of rhyme and sense, the last line was modified: "Ils ont *passé*" instead of "Ils ont *aimé*" (a forbidden word!) The famous imprecations of Camille, in Corneille's "Horace," begin thus, in the original:—

Rome! l'unique objet de mon ressentiment!
Rome! à qui vient ton bras d'immoler mon
amant!

As it is decidedly "improper" for Camille to take an interest in any one to whom she is not yet married, the following ingenious version had been adopted:—

Rome! l'unique objet de mon *juste courroux*!
Rome! à qui vient ton bras d'immoler mon
époux!

And so *les convenances* were saved. The same dread of "impropriety" prevented any detailed historical reading; a dry summary of events, with the dates of accession, the famous battles, the length of the reigns, was considered sufficient.

Ridiculous as all this may seem, it was so completely in accordance with family feelings and traditions that no teacher would have dared to propose emancipation. The *jeune fille* was to be kept in a glass case, like a rare plant; she was to see nothing, and to know nothing of the world, till she married; and then the young bride (especially she of the Parisian *grand monde*) plunged headlong into all that had been previously forbidden and unknown. She now read bad novels, went to see bad plays, and listened to scandalous stories. *Une femme mariée*, thenceforward she was free. The result, in many cases, of this moral "Russian bath" need not be dwelt upon.

With Parisians of the professional classes, and also in the case of provincial families, the consequences were less to be feared. Once married, the *jeune fille* thought principally of her household cares, and the difficult art of "making both ends meet." She was obliged to look after her children; the nurse would probably be a raw, untrustworthy country girl, whom the mother had to accompany when the children went out.

As the children grow up, the mother takes them to the Catéchisme, where they are prepared for their first communion,

the greatest event of their early years; then they have to attend *cours*, or classes, for their education; and she goes with them to the houses of the different masters for accomplishments, because the lessons are cheaper thus. When evening comes, and the children are safe in bed, the mother has neither time nor strength left for reading anything more serious than the daily *Figaro*; and the flirtations or the intrigues with which she is so liberally credited by novel-writers are impossible. The dangerous time comes when the daughters have reached early girlhood, and the mother is still young. There is then a sort of "Indian summer," when vanity re-awakens, and would not willingly abdicate. At that time proper food for the mind might be a valuable antidote; but so many years have passed under intellectual starvation that no healthy appetite remains, and the only use made of increased leisure lies in reading abominable novels, which are particularly dangerous amid such circumstances.

The same difficulties do not exist in the provinces. The daily duties of young married women are scarcely less engrossing; but they are less fawning; and in the higher classes, although there may not be so much of the brilliant *esprit* found in Parisian circles, there is certainly more intellectual life. What leisure they may have is, however, filled by the obligations incurred by the charitable societies to which they belong, and also by their devotional practices. The day begins with early mass; in the afternoon there are often sermons and services, and visits to the churches for private devotion. After all, their lives are those of estimable Christian women. They do their duty to God and to man; what more should be expected from them.

The great object of a French girl's life is marriage. From the time of her birth her parents have prepared for this event; and in many cases they have considerably straitened their income, and curtailed their enjoyments, to make up her *dot*—her marriage portion. Every girl is expected to have something; those who have nothing are exceptions, and constitute a minority of old maids. The girls who, from choice, do not marry, generally become nuns—usually much against the wishes of their parents.

Society in France and in England has recently been greatly excited over the escape of a nun from the convent of La Sainte Union des Sacré-Cœur; but the old tales of young women being forced into

convents, to improve the position of their brothers, are forgotten in these days, when, while no child can on any pretence be deprived of a fixed share in the father's inheritance, monastic vows are not recognized by law. Nuns and spinsters are exceptions; marriage is the rule. Consequently, it is surely reasonable that in their education girls should be prepared for household duties rather than for intellectual achievements. The case is different in England, where families are larger and many women remain single; the high education now placed within the reach of English girls may provide a necessary help to a straitened income, or, at least, a useful interest and occupation in lives without a distinct object or clearly defined duties. In France there is always plenty to do, and duties are plain. The education which prepared women for such duties was imparted principally in convents, where almost all young girls spend at least a portion of the schoolroom years. The principal convent in Paris is that of the *Sacré-Cœur*, most of the teachers and the pupils in which belong to the highest nobility of France. The tone of the *Sacré-Cœur* is aristocratic and Royalist. Any other political opinion would be considered, if not absolutely sinful, at least very improper and highly reprehensible. Formerly, the studies had the reputation of being too superficial. Now, the necessity of keeping up with the government schools has brought considerable improvement; and it must be acknowledged that the pupils are more thoroughly taught than pupils were when the convents had matters entirely all their own way. The discipline is strict, perhaps too much so; but the spirit inculcated is essentially fitted for the development of Christian gentlewomen. There is a little too much talk about pedigrees, and too much importance is attached to illustrious names. The foundress, who is revered as a saint, was not of noble birth.

Next to the *Sacré-Cœur* comes the *Congrégation de Notre Dame*, better known as *Les Oiseaux*. The original house, now built into the large conventual establishment, belonged to a gentleman who possessed a remarkable aviary. Thus it was popularly called *La Maison des Oiseaux*, which name has been retained. Here there is more simplicity, and a less exclusive spirit. The higher middle class is more widely represented, and the nuns themselves, although thoroughly lady-like, have much less of the courtly stiffness which characterizes the *Dame du Sacré-*

Cœur. The tone of the establishment is more homelike. Apart from particular social views, there is no reason for preferring one to the other; the choice must depend upon individual requirements and positions.

A third convent is much in favor; that of the *Assumption*, at Auteuil, a suburb of Paris, which has the advantage of country air and extensive grounds. It has the reputation of being the educational establishment where the studies are almost as wide and as thorough as those at the government institution of the *Légion d'Honneur*, which, however, is open only to the daughters of members of the *Legion of Honor*. That celebrated school was originally founded at *Ecouen*, by the great Napoleon, and was transferred to *St. Denis*. It was intended to provide for the education of the daughters of poor officers who had received the cross for valor on the battle-field, and was at first entirely gratuitous; but the education given there was so complete that superior officers in wealthy positions claimed the privilege of admission for their daughters on payment. This considerably changed the spirit of the foundation. *St. Denis* was reserved for the daughters of officers having reached the higher grades, and the privilege was extended to the daughters of civilians having received the cross—often too easily granted, as a mere mark of ministerial favor, instead of being the hardly earned reward of merit. *Ecouen* and an establishment near *St. Germain* called *Les Loges* were devoted to pupils belonging to humbler positions; but the education given there was not less substantial. This has recently been changed, and all the *Maisons de la Légion d'Honneur* have now the same system and the same discipline.

An objection to all those immense educational establishments lies in the gathering together of too many girls under the same roof. Education cannot be thoroughly satisfactory in what has been called a "women's barracks" under almost military drill. Experienced mothers, especially those who have spent some years in such establishments, often take their daughters home when they have reached the age of fifteen. They feel that in all well-regulated families the mother alone can efficaciously watch over the final development of a girl's mind and character. In the conventual houses, although it is impossible to remove all that may be criticised, the constant, conscientious watchfulness of the nuns, and the religious spirit

which pervades all their teaching, are valuable preservatives.

According to popular report, it is not so at St. Denis. The lady superintendent is too often chosen for the military honors reaped by her late husband rather than for her own special qualifications. The other directresses and mistresses are chosen from among former pupils of the house. They generally aim at "broad views" and strong-minded theories. Religion is taught only like any other lesson. Its history and doctrines are learned; but the guiding spirit plays no part. That which sways at St. Denis is essentially of the world. The school time, being gratuitous, is prolonged to its full extent by the foundation pupils. When the end must come, and they return to what are usually straitened homes, they feel that they have been raised by their education far above all that surrounds them, and they have aspirations which can find no issue. They are wearied by petty cares and petty privations; everything within their reach is distasteful; they become overpowered with *ennui*. The result is deplorable to a degree which has become proverbial. Notwithstanding the unsatisfactory moral reputation of the pupils of St. Denis, the present government, in its anxiety to destroy clerical influences, established secular lyceums for young ladies, in opposition to the convents; it provided excellent accommodation, and capable teachers; and it made terms sufficiently moderate to prove a temptation. Public examinations were thenceforward required of all professional teachers, and the curriculum was raised. Now, for the education of girls, more is necessary than a mere official diploma, and, unfortunately, many of the teachers in the *lycées de filles* have no better qualification than the possession of this guarantee that they are sufficiently competent as regards their studies. Character, experience, principles, are secondary considerations. As to religious teaching, there is an unfortunate advance beyond the indifference of St. Denis. Religion is wholly set aside, and the spirit cultivated is decidedly free-thinking. It is therefore only natural that families with religious principles should refuse to send their daughters to the *lycées*, the objections to which are so obvious that many men in public life known as anti-clerical, and even as free-thinkers, actually prefer the convents for their own daughters. The *lycées de filles* are comparatively deserted.

Meanwhile, the convents have greatly raised the level of their studies. The

sisters have passed examinations, and obtained diplomas, grudgingly granted; and the spirit of former days has also been enlarged to suit modern exigencies. It is now fashionable for young ladies in perfectly independent, and even wealthy, positions, to pass the examination at the Hôtel de Ville, and to obtain the diploma authorizing to teach professionally. In such cases this is, of course, only intended as a guarantee that the studies have been followed in a satisfactory manner. Whether this be really a sufficient proof may be doubted; success is often due to "cramming," and even to chance. The real advantage lies in the fact of having an object in view to stimulate the energies of the girls. The examiners are particularly exacting and discourteous to members of conventual sisterhoods, or even to the pupils of such establishments, who now, however, carry off honors more surely than those of the secular houses. The prudery of former days is now only too much set aside. Questions which no modest girl could answer without embarrassment are sometimes asked. They are a wholly gratuitous annoyance, as to which many indignant protestations have been made. To obtain the elementary diploma, a public examination on the following subjects, divided into three series, must be passed:—

First series (in writing):—

1. Orthography, by dictation. Ten minutes allowed for correction.
2. A page of copy-writing, in different hands, large and small.
3. A French composition on a given subject: such as a letter or a narrative, the development of a proverb, a maxim, a precept.
4. A question on arithmetic and the French metrical system: a problem to be worked out by the four rules (whole numbers, fractions, weights, and measures). The working of the problem to be rationally explained.

Second series:—

1. An outline sketch of some familiar objects: such as a vase, a chair, a watering-pot, etc.

2. Plain needlework.

Third series (by verbal question and answer):—

1. A paragraph chosen out of some well-known writer, in prose and verse, to be read aloud and explained as to the literal sense, the grammar, and the thoughts expressed or intended to be conveyed.

2. Questions in arithmetic and the metrical system.

3. Questions on French history, and what is termed *instruction civique* (such as, What is a mayor? What is a deputy? What is required to be an elector, or to be elected?). The geography of France, with map-tracing on the board.

4. Elements of music.

5. Elements of physical and natural science.

The elementary examination, as has been seen, is easy enough. Young ladies who do not wish to study professionally generally go no further; but all those who intend to teach must now pass the high-class examination, and obtain the Brevet Supérieur, which is usually required by mothers even from private governesses. The Brevet Élémentaire, which was formerly sufficient for ordinary requirements, is now merely a stepping-stone to the high-class diploma, which is a serious test of capacity. The candidates for the Brevet Supérieur may be of any age not under eighteen.

The examination is as follows:—

First series:—

1. Written compositions on two subjects: 1st, arithmetic and algebra; 2nd, physical and natural science, applied to health, industrial questions, agriculture, and horticulture.

2. A composition on a literary or moral subject.

3. A drawing from a cast.

4. A theme in some living language, according to choice. Ten lines. Dictionary allowed.

Second series (verbal question and answer):—

1. Questions on education and moral principles.

2. French language: Reading and explanation of a French standard writer (taken from a list published a year in advance) with questions on literature, and the principal writers, in prose and verse, of the sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries.

3. Remarkable historical epochs, great names and essential facts of general history, and the history of France, principally of modern times, dating from the year 1453 downwards.

4. Geography of France, with map-tracing on the board; general geography.

5. Arithmetic, algebra, and book-keeping.

6. Elements of natural history, chemistry, botany, natural science.

7. Verbal translation: Twenty lines of an easy book, in English, German, Italian,

Spanish, or Arabic, according to the choice of the candidate.

The range is wide, and the questions often go much deeper than the elements announced, and entail hard work. The examination is rarely successful on the first attempt. Even the superior certificate, which is more and more difficult to obtain, will not be sufficient for a candidate who aspires to be at the head of any public government school. She must go through other examinations, and obtain other certificates. The most urgent are the Certificat d'aptitudes pédagogiques, to obtain which she must prove that she knows how to teach what she has learned, and the Certificat d'aptitude à l'enseignement des travaux de couture, for which she must give proof of her practical knowledge of plain needlework, cutting-out, fitting, etc. There are innumerable other certificates; but their aim is more or less of a special kind, and they are sought only by those requiring them professionally.

We may now ask, What is the practical result of this rage for examinations, diplomas, and certificates? Having carefully collected all the information within our reach, and consulted competent authorities, we come to a very unsatisfactory conclusion. The effect on the practical education of young ladies belonging to the upper classes is unimportant and by no means beneficial. They go through the elementary examination, get their diplomas, and then consider that they have done all that is necessary. "J'ai passé mon examen — j'ai mon diplôme." After this achievement they usually hasten to forget all they have learned, and never open a book worth reading. Of intellectual development, without which there can be no really good education, there is nothing. They have learned a lesson, and repeated it like parrots; they are now glad that all is over, and they think no more about it. We have seen that the Brevet Supérieur is usually sought only by those intending to teach professionally. It is, in fact, the only one worth having; but even in it "cramming" and chance play considerable parts. The new facilities for study render the Brevet Supérieur accessible to all who choose to strive for it, with the result that it attracts girls of the very lowest class, such as daughters of *concierges*, and others even humbler. It is from the *conciERGE* class, which, in general, has a very doubtful reputation, low actresses and opera dancers are princi-

pally drawn. But now, as a matter of pride, many of these girls compete for the Brevet Supérieur, and try to be governesses or schoolmistresses. Can any examination prove that they possess what should be required for such a mission? To bring up "ladies" it is needful to have had, if not the birth, at least the moral education, of a "lady." They do not have this. Consequently, the government schools become their last resource; and these are besieged by applicants unable to find other employment, who wait desperately for vacancies which do not occur. What is to be their end?

We cannot better conclude this article than by quoting a few lines from a letter addressed to us by Monsieur Maxime du Camp (de l'Académie Française), who in France is considered an authority on social questions:—

A l'heure qu'il est, six ou sept mille jeunes filles, munies du Brevet Supérieur sollicitent des places d'Institutrice à l'Hôtel de Ville de Paris, et n'en obtiennent point, parle que tous les postes sont pourvus. J'ai dit, je ne sais plus où, que les examens, les lycées de jeunes filles, etc., etc., auraient pour résultat de relever le niveau intellectuel des femmes entretenues. Je ne m'en dédis pas.

This startling judgment requires no comment.

A. STROBEL.

From The Contemporary Review.
CARLYLE'S MESSAGE TO HIS AGE.

BY W. E. H. LECKY.

WHEN Carlyle came to London in 1831, bringing with him the "Sartor Resartus," which is now perhaps the most famous of all his works, it is well known that he applied in turn to three of the principal publishers in London, and that each of them, after due deliberation, positively refused to print his manuscript. When at last, with great difficulty, he procured its admission into *Fraser's Magazine*, Carlyle was accustomed to say that he only knew of two men who found anything to admire in it. One of them was the great American writer, Emerson, who afterwards superintended its publication in America. The other was a priest from Cork, who wrote to say that he wished to take in *Fraser's Magazine* as long as anything by this writer appeared in it. On the other hand, several persons told Fraser that they would stop taking in the magazine if any

more of such nonsense appeared in it. The editor wrote to Carlyle that the work had been received with "unqualified disapprobation." Five years elapsed before it was reprinted as a separate book, and in order that it should be reprinted, it was found necessary for a number of Carlyle's private friends to club together and guarantee the publisher from loss by engaging to take three hundred copies. But when, a few years before his death, a cheap edition of Carlyle's works was published, "Sartor Resartus" had acquired such a popularity that thirty thousand copies were almost immediately sold, and since his death it has been reprinted in a 6s. form; it has penetrated far and wide through all classes, and it is now, I suppose, one of the most popular and most influential of the books that were published in England in the second quarter of the century.

Such a contrast between the first reception and the later judgment of a book is very remarkable, and it applies more or less to all Carlyle's earlier writings. It is a memorable fact in the literary history of the nineteenth century that one of the greatest and most industrious writers in England lived for many years in such poverty that he often thought of abandoning literature and emigrating to the colonies, and he would probably have done so if he had not found in public lecturing a means of supplying his frugal wants. The cause of this long-continued neglect is partly, no doubt, to be found in his style, for, like Browning, Carlyle wrote an English which was so contorted and sometimes so obscure that his readers had to be slowly educated into understanding, or at least enjoying, it. But there are other and deeper causes which I propose to devote the short time at my disposal to indicating.

It has been truly said that there are two great classes among writers. There are those who are echoes and there are those who are voices. There are some writers who represent faithfully and express strongly the dominant tendencies, opinions, habits, characteristics of their age, collecting as in a focus the half-formed thoughts that are prevailing around them, giving them an articulate voice, and by the force of their advocacy greatly strengthening them. There are others who either start new ways of thinking for which the public around them are still unprepared, or who throw themselves in opposition to the dominant tendencies of their times, pointing out the evils and

dangers connected with them, and dwelling specially on neglected truths. It is not surprising that the first class are by far the most popular. The public is much like Narcissus in the fable, who fell in love with his own reflection in the water. All men like to find their own opinions expressed with a power and eloquence they cannot themselves attain, and most men dislike a writer who, in the first flush of a great enthusiasm, points out all that can be said on the other side. But when the first enthusiasm is over — when the prevailing tendency has fully triumphed and the evils and defects connected with it are disclosed — the words of this unpopular or neglected teacher will begin to gather weight. It will be found that although he may not have been wiser than those who advocated the other side, yet his words contained exactly that kind of truth which was most needed or most generally forgotten, and his reputation will steadily rise.

This appears to me to have been very much the position which Carlyle occupied towards the chief questions of his day, and it explains, I think, in a great degree the growth of his influence. It is remarkable, indeed, how many things there are in his writings which appeared paradoxes when he wrote, and which now seem almost truisms. Thus at a time when the political and intellectual ascendancy of France over the Continent was at its height, Carlyle was one of the few men who clearly recognized the essential greatness that lay hid in Germany, and especially in Prussia — a greatness which after the wars of 1866 and 1870 became very evident to the world. He was one of the first men in England to recognize the importance of German literature, and especially the supreme greatness of Goethe. His translation of "Wilhelm Meister" was published in 1824, and his noble essay on Goethe in 1832; but at first it seemed to find scarcely any echo. The editor for whom he wrote it reported that all the opinions he could gather about this essay were "eminently unfavorable." De Quincy, who of all English critics was believed to know Germany best, and Jeffrey, who exercised the greatest influence on English literary opinion, combined to depreciate or ridicule Goethe. But there is now no educated man who disputes that Carlyle in this matter was essentially right, and that his critics were wholly wrong. And to turn to subjects more directly connected with England, Carlyle wrote at a

time when the whole school of what was called advanced thought rested upon the theory that the province of government ought to be made as small as possible, and that all the relations of classes should be reduced to simple, temporary contracts founded on mutual interest. According to this theory, it was the one duty of government to keep order. For the rest it should stand aside, and not attempt to meddle in social or industrial questions. The most complete liberty of thought and action should be established, and everything should be left to unrestricted competition — to the free play of unprivileged, untrammelled, unguided social forces. This was the theory which was called orthodox political economy — the *laissez-faire* system — the philosophy of competition or supply and demand, and it was incessantly denounced by Carlyle as Mammon worship, as "devil take the hindmost," as "pure egoism;" "the shabbiest gospel that had been taught among men." He declared that in the long run no society could flourish, or even permanently cohere, if the only relation between man and man was a mere money tie. He maintained that what he called the condition of England question, or, in other words, the great mass of struggling, anarchical poverty that was growing up in the chief centres of population, was a question which imperiously demanded the most strenuous government intervention — which was, in fact, far more important than any of the purely political questions. The whole system of factory legislation, the whole system of legislation about working-men's dwellings which has taken place in this century, has been a realization of the ideas of Carlyle. When Carlyle first wrote, it was the received opinion that the education of the people was a matter in which the government should in no degree interfere, and that it ought to be left altogether to individuals, or churches, or societies. In his work on Chartism, which was published as early as 1834, Carlyle argued that the "universal education of the people" was an indispensable duty of the government. It was not until about twenty years ago that this duty was fully recognized in England. In the same work he maintained that state-aided, state-organized, state-directed emigration must one day be undertaken on a large scale, as the only efficient agent in coping with the great masses of growing pauperism. In his "Past and Present," which was published in 1843, he threw out another idea which has proved

very prolific, and which is probably destined to become still more so. It is that it may become both possible and needful for the master worker "to grant his workers permanent interest in his enterprise and theirs."

It is evident how much less strange these ideas appear now than they did when they were first put out some fifty years ago. One of the most remarkable changes that has taken place during the lives of men who are still of middle age has been in the opinion of advanced thinkers about the function of government. In the early days of Carlyle the whole set, or lie of opinion in England was towards cutting in all directions the bands of government control, diminishing as much as possible the sphere of government functions or interference. It was a revolt against the old Tory system of paternal government, against the system of guilds, against the state regulations which once prevailed in all departments of industrial life. In the present generation it is not too much to say that the current has been absolutely reversed. The constantly increasing tendency whenever any abuse of any kind is discovered, is to call upon Parliament to make a law to remedy it. Every year the network of regulation is strengthened; every year there is an increasing disposition to enlarge and multiply the functions, powers, and responsibilities of government. I should not be dealing sincerely with you if I did not express my own opinion that this tendency carries with it dangers even more serious than those of the opposite exaggerations of a past century; dangers to character by sapping the spirit of self-reliance and independence; dangers to liberty by accustoming men to the constant interference of authority, and abridging in innumerable ways the freedom of action and choice. I wish I could persuade those who form their estimate of the province of government from Carlyle's "Past and Present" and "Latter Day Pamphlets" to study also the admirable little treatise of Herbert Spencer, called the "Man and the State," in which the opposite side is argued. What I have said, however, is sufficient to show how remarkably Carlyle, in some of the parts of his teaching that were once the most unpopular, anticipated tendencies which only became very apparent in practical politics when he was an old man or after his death.

The main and fundamental part of his teaching is the supreme sanctity of work; the duty imposed on every human being,

be he rich or be he poor, to find a life-purpose and to follow it out strenuously and honestly. "All true work," he said, "is religion;" and the essence of every sound religion is, "Know thy work and do it." In his conception of life all true dignity and nobility grows out of the honest discharge of practical duty. He had always a strong sympathy with the feudal system which annexed indissolubly the idea of public function with the possession of property. The great landlord who is wisely governing large districts and using all his influence to diffuse order, comfort, education, and civilization among his tenantry; the captain of industry who is faithfully and honestly organizing the labor of thousands, and regarding his task as a moral duty; the rich man who, with all the means of enjoyment at his feet, devotes his energies "to make some nook of God's creation a little fruitfuller, better, more worthy of God — to make some human hearts a little wiser, manfuller, happier, more blessed," always received his admiration and applause. No one, on the other hand, spoke with more contempt of a governing class which had ceased to govern; of titles which had lost their original meaning, and no longer implied or expressed duties performed; of wealth that was employed solely or mainly in selfish enjoyment or in idle show. It was Carlyle's deep conviction that the best test of the moral worth of every nation, class, and individual, is to be found in their standard of work and in their dislike to a useless and idle life. As is well known, he had no sympathy with the prevailing political ideas. He believed that men were not only not equal, but were profoundly unequal; that it was the first interest of society that the wisest men should be selected as its leaders, and that the popular methods of finding the wisest were by no means those which were most likely to succeed. "No British man," he complained, "can attain to be a statesman or chief of workers till he has first proved himself a chief of talkers." "The two greatest nations in the world, the English and American, are all going to wind and tongue." He believed much more than his contemporaries did that there was need and room in our modern English life for strong government organization, guidance, discipline, reverence, obedience, and control. "Wise command, wise obedience," he wrote in one of his "Latter-day Pamphlets," "the capability of these two is the best measure of culture and human virtue in every man."

There is another class of workers to which he himself belonged — the men who are the teachers of mankind. He taught them by his example as well as by his precepts. Whatever else may be said about Carlyle, no one can question that he took his literary vocation most seriously. He was for a long time a very poor man, but he never sought wealth by advocating popular opinions, by pandering to common prejudices, or by veiling most unpalatable beliefs. In the vast mass of literature which he has bequeathed to us there is no scamped work, and every competent judge has recognized the untiring and conscientious accuracy with which he verified and sifted the minutest fact. His standard of truthfulness was extremely high, and one of his great quarrels with his age was that it was an age of half-beliefs and insincere professions. He maintained that religious beliefs which had once been living realities had too often degenerated into mere formulas, untruly professed or mechanically repeated with the lips only, and without any genuine or heartfelt conviction. He often repeated a saying of Coleridge: "They do not believe — they only believe that they believe." He used to speak of men who "played false with their intellects;" or, in other words, turned away their minds from unwelcome truths and by allowing their wishes or interests to sway their judgments, persuaded or half-persuaded themselves to believe whatever they wished. A firm grasp of facts, he maintained, was the first characteristic of an honest mind; the main element in all honest, intellectual work. His own special talent was the gift of insight, the power of looking into the heart of things; piercing to essential facts, discerning the real characters of men, their true measure of genuine solid worth. Creeds, professions, opinions, circumstances, all these are the externals or clothes of men. It is necessary to look behind them and beyond them if we would reach the genuine human heart. One of the reasons why he detested what he called stump oratory was because he believed it to be a great school of insincerity. Its end was not truth, but plausibility. It was the effort of interested men to throw opinions into such forms as might most captivate uninstructed men; to keep back every unpopular side; to magnify everything in them that was seductive. He once said to me that two great curses seemed to him eating away the heart and worth of the English people. One was drink. The other was stump oratory, which accus-

tomed men to say without shame what they did not in their hearts believe to be true, and accustomed their hearers to accept such a proceeding as perfectly natural. And the same strong passion for veracity he carried into his judgment of other forms of work. Rightly or wrongly, he believed that the standard of conscientious work had been lowered in England through the feverish competition of modern times, and, under the system of what he called "cheap and nasty;" that English work had lost something of its old solidity and worth, and was now made rather to captivate than to wear. Carlyle saw in this much more than an industrial change. He maintained that the love and pride of thorough work had long been a pre-eminently English quality, that it was the very tap-root of the moral worth of the English character, and that anything that tended to weaken it was a grave moral evil.

It is worth while trying to understand what truth underlay those parts of his teaching which seem most repulsive. The worship of force, which is so apparent in many of his writings, is a striking example. He was often accused of teaching that might is right. He always answered that he had not done so — that what he taught was that right is might; that by the providential constitution of the universe truth in the long run is sure to be stronger than falsehood; that good will prevail over evil, and that right and might, though they differ widely in short periods of time, would in long spaces prove to be identical. Nothing, he was accustomed to say, seemed weaker than the Christian religion when the disciples assembled in the upper room; yet it was in truth the strongest thing in the world, and it accordingly prevailed. It was one of his favorite sayings "that the soul of the universe is just," and he believed therefore that the ultimate fate of nations, whether it be good or bad, was very much what they deserved. It is curious to observe the analogy between this teaching and the doctrine of the survival of the fittest, which a very different teacher — Charles Darwin — has made so conspicuous.

He scandalized — and I think with a good deal of reason — most of his contemporaries by the ridicule which he threw upon the career of Howard, and upon the great movement for prison reform which was so actively pursued in his time. Much of what he wrote on this subject is to me, at least, very repulsive; but you will generally find in the most extravagant utter-

ances of Carlyle that there is some true meaning at bottom. He maintained that the passion for reforming and improving prisons and prison-life had been carried in England to such a point that the lot of a convicted criminal was often much better than that of an honest and struggling artisan. He believed that a just and wise distribution of compassion is a most important element of national well-being, and that the English people are very apt to be indifferent to great masses of unobtrusive, struggling, honorable, unsensational poverty at their very doors, while they fall into paroxysms of emotion about the actors in some sensational crime, about some seductive murderess, about the wrongs of some far-off and often half-savage race. "In one of these Lancashire weavers dying with hunger there is more thought and heart, a greater arithmetical amount of misery and desperation, than in whole gangs of Quashees." He maintained, too, that a strain of sentiment about criminals was very prevalent in his day, which tended seriously to obliterate or diminish the real difference between right and wrong. He hated with an intense hatred that whole system of philosophy which denied that there was a deep, essential, fundamental difference between right and wrong, and turned the whole matter into a mere calculation of interests. He was accustomed to say that one of the chief merits of Christianity was that it taught that right and wrong were as far apart as heaven and hell, and that no greater calamity can befall a nation than a weakening of the righteous hatred of evil.

The parts of Carlyle's teaching on which I have dwelt to-day will be chiefly found in his "Past and Present," his "Heroes and Hero Worship," his "Latter-day Pamphlets," his "Chartism," and in the two admirable essays called "Signs of the Times" and "Characteristics." In my own opinion, though Carlyle teaches much, his writings are most valuable as a moral force. Very few great writers have maintained more steadily that the moral element is the deepest and most important part of our being, deeper and stronger than all intellectual considerations. In his writings, amid much that has imperishable value, there is, I think, much that is exaggerated, much that is one-sided, much that is unwise. But no one can be imbued with his teaching without finding it a great moral tonic, and deriving from it a nobler, braver, and more unworldly conception of human life.

From The Quarterly Review.

WARWICK THE KINGMAKER.*

AN honest, able, and most interesting attempt has recently been made to enable us to understand the somewhat complicated historical period called the War of the Roses, and to realize the career and character of the man generally believed to be the hinge on which all the chief events turned. It is a valuable contribution, but a disappointing one. The fascination of Warwick's personality gets more and more too much for the biographer, and the hopes he raises in the earlier part of his book die away as we go on. The book demands recognition. If trustworthy history, let it be stamped as such; if not, let us see what is. The history of the War of the Roses is less mixed than it seems to be at first; the sidelights are confusing; some things perhaps are almost or quite unintelligible; but the *summa fastigia rerum* stand out pretty plain. When looking at a range of mountains, we know there are glens, ravines, precipices, glaciers; but we take no stock of them; the range generally, and special mountain-tops, monopolize our attention. So, in studying the War of the Roses, our attention is concentrated on the causes which led to it; the chief actors in it, Henry VI. and Margaret his wife, Warwick and his father Salisbury, the Duke of York, and the man who really and figuratively stands out head and shoulders above all the others, King Edward IV.; and the decisive battles in the war.

We must use Hallam's rule or canon, and be influenced by natural probabilities rather than by testimony when the historians or chroniclers are prejudiced witnesses; e.g., Whethamstede, Abbot of St. Albans and chronicler, was a violent Lancastrian at first. After the second battle of St. Albans, Margaret and her plundering northern hordes stripped the abbey. This made the abbot as strong a Yorkist. He looked at events through different spectacles before and after his abbey was plundered.

Henry VI. succeeded his father in 1422, when less than nine months old. He was proclaimed king of both France and England; his uncle John, Duke of Bedford, was regent of France. It was the middle of the fourth act of the drama called by French historians "The Hundred Years' War." Henry V. had nearly succeeded

* English Men of Action — Warwick the Kingmaker. By Charles W. Oman. London, 1891.

in conquering France and making himself king of both countries. It seemed at first as if the Duke of Bedford would complete his brother's work. His successes went on till 1429. Had Orleans fallen, Charles the Victorious would have fled from France and taken refuge in Spain or Scotland, as indeed he was planning to do, when the mysterious, not to say miraculous, career of the Maid of Orleans first stemmed the tide, and then set it flowing the other way. The fourth act of the drama ends with the flight of the English from Orleans. The fifth, which is the history of the expulsion of the English from France, ends in 1453 with the defeat and death of Talbot at Castillon. In this same year Queen Margaret's only son was born, eight years after her marriage. The history of England from 1429 to 1453 is not only the history of the expulsion of the English from France, but also of the events which may be called the causes of the War of the Roses. The bad management, the utter failure of our military operations against France, the great expense of the war, of course made those in whose hands the government of the country was placed very unpopular. Misgovernment, extravagant expenditure, and utter failure never have been, and never will be, anything but unbearable to the English. Most of the unpopularity fell on the head of the queen and her favorite ministers. Henry VI. was too gentle and pious ever to incur the anger of the people. His gentleness and piety degenerated into imbecility; he inherited idiotcy from his maternal grandfather. What energy or pluck or ability he ever had, if any, was flogged out of him by his governor, guardian, and tutor, Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, whose daughter and heiress Richard Neville — Warwick the Kingmaker — married. The queen was a French princess. No marriage of an English king with a French princess has ever been fortunate. She was not only portionless, but also virtually bought by the surrender of Anjou and Maine — nominally to her father, titular duke of these provinces and titular king of Sicily, Naples, and Jerusalem; really to the king of France, which involved the conquest of Normandy by the French. Henry's condition was well known; he was imbecile at the time his son was born, or nearly so. Within a month from the child's birth he was incapable alike of thought, word, and deed. That the child was his nominal father's son was doubted and disputed from the first; the wonder is not that it

was doubted, but that it was ever believed in. Trouble was sure to come of this; but the Duke of York, the rightful king according to the doctrine of hereditary right, had hitherto kept quiet, content to wait till the king's death before asserting his claim. The queen had always been jealous and suspicious of him. He had achieved success in both Normandy and Ireland, and had proved his ability both as a soldier and an administrator. He was so popular in Ireland that he and his, and even those who pretended to be his, could always find help and support there. He was the man to whose leadership all men looked who, for any cause, were discontented with the queen, her ministers, and her government.

There was plenty of this discontent, and good reason for it. Henry IV., Henry V., Henry VI., had all three championed the cause of the Church against the Lollards. The persecuting statutes had enabled the archbishops and bishops to stamp out any Lollard outbreaks that showed above the surface. But the ashes of the fires were smouldering all through the century. Wiclif's MS. leaflets were current all over England. Every discontented man was not necessarily a Lollard, but every Lollard was discontented. The court or Red Rose party favored the ecclesiastics and corruption; the opposition or White Rose party were naturally as much against Church power, Church corruption, and Church wealth as the court was for them. It is no exaggeration to say that so far as Church property was concerned, every Englishman not an ecclesiastic, or related to the clergy, or interested in their prosperity, was a Lollard. There was another special grievance. The constitutional power of the Commons had made great strides in the reign of Henry IV. The franchise had been so widely extended that something like manhood suffrage existed (7 Hen. IV. c. 15, and 11 Hen. IV. c. 1). In 1429 (8 Hen. IV.), a statute was passed limiting the right to the suffrage in counties to forty shilling freeholders. This was a special "complaint of the Commons of Kent" when they rose under the adventurer called Jack Cade, who seems to have had a great deal less than justice dealt out to him. He and his followers have been always called rebels, which only means that they were beaten. But a careful examination of the document stating their grievances shows it to have been a temperate and careful enumeration of evils they were suffering, and redress of which they had a right to hope for. There had

been a small "rising" or "rebellion" before Cade's in the same year, in which the dismissal of evil counsellors was demanded, and the queen's favorite, the Earl of Suffolk, was beheaded. His successor, Somerset, was killed at the first battle of St. Albans. Somerset's eldest son was beheaded after Hexham, 1464, and the younger son after Tewkesbury, 1471. Whether York instigated either or both of these risings we shall probably never know; but it seems unlikely. The insurgents had plenty of good reasons for rising without any instigation. York knew quite well that the wrath of the nation would soon come to a head. And he behaved with singular and noteworthy moderation all through the contest till his death. He and the king seem to have had a real regard and friendship for each other. It seems that York, as a matter of course, and by right of his birth, ability, successes, and popularity, took the lead as head of the opposition to the court party, policy, and misgovernment. It is to a certain extent true that, as Macaulay says, the war was a struggle between two aristocratic factions; but it is equally true that it was a struggle between an oppressed and misgoverned people and a misgoverning queen and her ministers, and that this misgovernment led to the downfall of the Lancastrian dynasty, just as the vices and crimes of the two Yorkist kings led in turn to their downfall. The Lancastrians in possession were supported by the aristocracy generally. The people were led by an aristocratic family rather than by a party. The Yorkists were the people, led by the Duke of York and the Neville family. The middle and trading classes were all Yorkists, made so by hatred of the court, and London always backed the Yorkists. It is noteworthy how Edward IV. always trusted to and depended on London; how his first idea when under reverses was to get to London as soon as possible. London was of greater relative importance in those days than now; it was always for freedom and good government against kingly tyranny and bad government. Its help went a long way towards placing Edward IV. on the throne, and keeping him there. Its trained bands and money served the Parliament well against Charles I.

There was an explosion in 1455, and the first battle of St. Albans was fought. Then we have a sort of interregnum for four years. The king had another attack of imbecility, and York was made protector; but he recovered, and cancelled York's

commission. The queen and York went through a formal reconciliation; but the truce was broken, and was ended by an attempt, planned by the queen, to assassinate Warwick. So it was said; but this is another of the mysteries, and it is of no consequence, whether true or false. Doubtless the queen was quite capable of it, and Warwick was quite ready to believe it of her, with or without good reason. All the causes for their hatred were in full swing, and the accusation seems more likely to be false than true, since the death of Warwick would not have ended the quarrel.

There were two campaigns in the War of the Roses: that of 1459, 1460, 1461, lasting almost exactly two years and a half; and that of Barnet and Tewkesbury, 1471. In the first, Edward won his kingdom; in the second, he regained it after losing it. Warwick was his right hand in the first; in the second he defeated and killed Warwick in punishment of his treachery, and utterly smashed the new Lancastrian or Warwickite party as well as the old Lancastrian party; and he was never again troubled by either. Warwick has been called Kingmaker. He is said to have put his cousin Edward on the throne, to have won the crown for him; and also to have driven him from his kingdom and replaced Henry VI. on the throne. This was true enough on the 1st of January, 1471, when Edward was an exile and a fugitive. It was not true on Midsummer day of the same year, when Warwick, Henry VI., and his so-called son Edward, Prince of Wales, were all dead, and Queen Margaret was in exile and poverty, from which she never again emerged.

In 1459 Salisbury defeated the Lancastrians at Blore Heath. The Lancastrians, led by the queen, marched against the Yorkists, who were stationed at Ludlow. Sir Andrew Trollope deserted to the queen, and the Yorkists disbanded and fled,—York to Ireland; Edward, Salisbury, and Warwick to Calais, of which important post Warwick was captain from 1455 till his death. The queen summoned a Parliament, and all the leading Yorkists were attainted. The following summer, Warwick and Edward landed at Sandwich, and made their rush for London, and thence marched against the queen, who was at Northampton. The treachery was on the other side now. Lord Grey de Ruthyn admitted Edward and his troops into their entrenchments, and they cleared the way for Warwick. Margaret fled; and

Edward and Warwick took Henry to London. The defeat was decisive, and effected before York had time to get over from Ireland. A Yorkist Parliament met, and York formally claimed the crown; but he acquiesced in a compromise, viz., that Henry should remain king for life, and York should succeed. This is the first time that Warwick shows the cloven foot. He knew that York, if king, would be master; possibly he was hardly conscious that he had already made up his mind that, whoever sat on the throne and wore the crown, he himself would be king. Mr. Oman is of opinion that he was keeping the oath he swore in St. Paul's before Northampton, and says "that promise (of faith and allegiance to Henry VI.) was not an entirely unmeaning formula in Warwick's mouth, and that his oath was not like the deliberate perjuries to which others of his contemporaries, notably Edward IV., were prone." One object of this article is to give reasons for believing that in a time unexampled for perjury, treachery, selfishness, and vendetta, Warwick was *facile princeps* — Warwick first and the rest nowhere. He was in his prime, thirty-two years old. He knew why the Yorkists had taken up arms. He knew he was the special object of Lancastrian fear and hatred. He professed to believe that the queen had planned his assassination. He did not yet know of what stuff his young cousin Edward, now nineteen years old, was made. We believe in York's moderation and regard for the king more than in Warwick's anxiety not to commit perjury. Moreover he knew that, if the king fell ill again, which he might do any day, he would be protector again, and virtually king. But the queen was no party to the compromise, and was the last woman in the world to acquiesce in her son's exclusion. She summoned all the Lancastrian nobles who had not fallen at Northampton, to muster in the North. The Percies, the Lancastrian Nevilles, the Beauforts, and many others, gathered their retainers together. So great was the danger, that York and Salisbury marched north to disperse them, and were decisively defeated at Wakefield, on the last day of 1460. Hardly a Yorkist of mark escaped; those who were not slain on the field were beheaded afterwards; and York's head was stuck on a pike over the gate of York, crowned with a paper crown. The rising of the Lancastrians was now general. The queen marched south in command of a powerful army. Edward was looking after the Welsh March, and

Warwick rushed to London as soon as he heard of the battle of Wakefield, to arrange for its defence. Jasper, second son of Owen Tudor and Henry V.'s widow, and his father had raised the Welsh for Margaret. Edward had to beat them at Mortimer's Cross before he dare start for London. This delayed him, and Warwick was beaten by the queen before Edward could join him at St. Albans.

We now come to what Mr. Oman calls "one of the most curious problems in English history," viz., why the queen did not make a rush on Yorkist London. Mr. Oman believes that the king, who had learned that the queen's northern hordes had plundered and pillaged their way southwards, would not allow Margaret to lead them to sack his capital. For Henry to assert his will against his queen's is a novelty. If London was so terrified as to be ready to open its gates at Margaret's first summons, why was it that, when the timid citizens sent a long train of wagons full of provisions which Margaret had demanded for her army, those who were not timid or "prudent" stopped the wagons, and confiscated the supplies? We believe in a very different explanation. Treachery had beaten Warwick in the late battle; and it was a dispersion, not a rout. Margaret did not know how far off Warwick was. She had surely heard of Mortimer's Cross by this time, but she dared not fight with London in front and Warwick and Edward in her rear. She knew she could not keep her plundering hordes in order. She knew it was war to the knife now that she had killed both Warwick's and Edward's fathers, and Edward's brother, Rutland — of whom Hume, who does not often make jokes, wrote: "Clifford murdered in cool blood, and with his own hands, this innocent prince, whose exterior figure, *as well as other accomplishments*" (the italics are ours), "are represented by historians as extremely amiable." To have advanced to London would have been staking all on one throw. She retired to York, taking her husband and son with her; and Edward and Warwick entered London on the 28th of February. Edward was not the man to let grass grow under his feet. On March 3rd he claimed the crown; was installed in Westminster Abbey as king on the fourth; marched north immediately, and utterly routed the Lancastrians at Towton on the twenty-ninth, "of all the battles in English history, the most desperate and the most bloody." The Lancastrians were said to have been sixty thousand, the

Yorkists forty thousand. A letter from Edward to his mother states that the heralds counted twenty-eight thousand dead Lancastrians. The Yorkists' loss is said to have been ten thousand; though more than one in three seems impossible. But it was a desperate hand-to-hand struggle for many hours; and a very large number were drowned and trampled under foot as they fled. It is said that the last Lancastrians who crossed the river Cock did so on a bridge of their comrades' dead bodies.

Edward IV. was king indeed. His enemies were dead or fugitives. On April 29th he was twenty. He gave Warwick and his brothers and chief adherents all they asked for, and began to enjoy himself in his own way. He was the tallest and handsomest man of his time. His courage and ability were equal to his good looks. Comines says he was of invincible courage — fought nine battles, always on foot, and was always conqueror. There are good reasons for believing him to be one of the ablest kings who ever sat on the throne of England. He seemed to have believed in his own superiority to all his fellows, and to have taken no trouble to conceal his contempt for them. All men and women of his day seemed ready to fall down and worship him. It was said of Henry VIII. that he never spared a man in his anger or a woman in his lust, and this seems even more true of Edward IV. He left Warwick in the North, after Towton, to restore law and order.

Margaret never gave up hope. There were Lancastrian risings, but they were always crushed, specially so at Hedgley Moor and Hexham in 1464. This is the year in which Edward avowed his marriage with Elizabeth Woodville, daughter of Sir Richard Woodville by his marriage with the widow of John, Duke of Bedford (Henry V.'s brother), and widow of Sir John Grey, of Groby. Here we are again in some difficulty. No one knows the date of the marriage. Warwick is said to have wanted Edward to marry the French queen's sister, and Edward's dishonoring or "selling" Warwick in the matter is supposed to have been the beginning of their quarrel. None of this is history. Most likely Warwick cared very little whom Edward married so long as he became a bigamist, as he probably was, and did not marry any one who would give trouble to Warwick. Edward had most likely married Lady Eleanor Butler before, for the same reason as he married Elizabeth, who refused to be his mistress.

It has been suggested that Warwick

wanted Edward to marry his eldest daughter Isabel. Whatever quarrel there was, it was soon over, and things went on as before, except that the Woodvilles quickly became rivals to the Nevilles in wealth and in influence at court; and that the discontent of the latter was synchronous with and exactly proportional to the prosperity of the Woodvilles. Warwick's discontent and disgust at what he doubtless honestly believed the king's ingratitude in setting up a Lancastrian family over his head was sure to take a definite form. He commenced hostilities by marrying his daughter Isabel to the king's next brother George, Duke of Clarence. If Edward would not be a *roi fainéant*, his brother should be, and Isabel Neville should be queen, and not Elizabeth Woodville. Before this, Edward had shown Warwick his contempt for his advice by giving his sister Margaret in marriage to the Duke of Burgundy, Charles the Rash, as a proof of their alliance and friendship, Warwick being all for an alliance with France. This is very important. Warwick made all arrangements needful for a general rising of his adherents, and came over with Clarence. Edward's troops were defeated at Edgecote, and within a few hours he found himself Warwick's prisoner, and Warwick's troubles began. Henry VI. was his prisoner too; and Warwick did not want to replace him on the throne. No one but Warwick preferred Clarence to Edward, so he had to stipulate for pardon and redress of grievances, and Edward became king again. Warwick was hardly King-maker at this crisis. Edward knew that the rebellion was only scotched and not killed, and kept on the lookout; and when the Nevilles rose again in the following March, he utterly routed them at Erpingham, near Stamford, gave out that he had evidence of Warwick and Clarence's complicity, and denounced them as traitors. They fled to Calais, but being refused admission by Wenlock, who was afraid of incurring Edward's displeasure, they went to Honfleur and opened negotiations with Louis XI. Warwick wanted help against Edward; and Louis was anxious to have England as his ally against Charles of Burgundy, and believed in Warwick's power, resources, ability, and military skill. No doubt Warwick had meant all along to make Clarence king, but found his project equally distasteful to Yorkists and Lancastrians. It was certain that Edward would never be reconciled to him; it was war to the knife between them. So

Warwick, who cared for neither Yorkists nor Lancastrians, daughters nor sons-in-law, oaths nor promises—in a word for nothing but Warwick and Warwick's aggrandizement, and the inflicting of what he thought due punishment on those who thwarted him—was persuaded in a few weeks to be reconciled to Margaret and to marry his younger daughter to Margaret's son. No man could go lower than this. To say that Warwick was the incarnation of perjury and treason is to fail to do justice to his selfishness and degradation. He had denounced Margaret as an adulteress and her son as worse than a bastard. Margaret had planned the assassination of Warwick, had chopped off the head of his father the day after Wakefield, and stuck it over the gate of York. Each was responsible for numerous deaths of the friends of the other.

This is the most interesting point in the struggle. Warwick was a great feudal chieftain, "The Last of the Barons," whose special function it had been to curb royal tyranny and despotism. Louis XI. was a bourgeois king, determined above all on one thing—that he would break up the power of his great feudal barons, and specially that of the Duke of Burgundy. Edward IV. was something in the same style, and he relied on the support of the Commons. Charles was a more powerful vassal of his king than Warwick was of his. Had Edward yielded to Warwick's advice, married a French princess, and become the ally of France, Warwick would have been driven into the arms of Charles. Warwick and Burgundy might have proved too powerful for the two kings, and the break up of feudalism and baronial power been deferred. It was a quadrangular duel in which the allies stood at opposite corners. Clarence had most reason for discontent, and sent word to his brother that he would join him as soon as he could. Warwick and Clarence landed at Dartmouth, in September, with many Lancastrian exiles, and put forth a proclamation declaring Henry VI. king. Warwick's followers took up arms in Yorkshire. Edward went north to put them down, was deserted by Warwick's brother, Lord Montagu, fled to Lynn, and escaped to Holland. Henry VI. was placed on the throne. Warwick soon showed his hand, and let every one see that he was to be the real king, and the Warwickite nobles his ministers. The Yorkists who were not Nevilles preferred Edward to Warwick; so did London. Clarence again let Edward know that he could depend on him

whenever he came back. Edward got some help from Charles of Burgundy, and landed at Ravenspur in Yorkshire, where Henry IV. had landed to depose Richard II. Like Henry, he gave out that he had come to claim his estates only, but he found himself so soon at the head of a powerful Yorkist army that he dropped that pretence and started for London. Warwick left London to meet him, but dare not fight when Edward offered battle. Whether he dare not trust his followers, or waited for reinforcements, or both, we do not surely know. The whole campaign shows Edward's confidence and Warwick's want of it. Edward was head of an army of Yorkists, Warwick of one of Warwickites and Lancastrians mixed. Neither trusted the other. Margaret had not yet come to England; she seems to have been loth to trust Warwick, and wanted to see the restoration of the Lancastrian dynasty and the final exclusion of the Yorkist an accomplished fact before trusting herself and son in England again. It is clear also that Warwick was outgeneralled from start to finish. Clarence managed his desertion of his father-in-law well. Edward pursued his triumphant march past Warwick to London, where he was welcomed as usual. He lost no time; he got to London on Thursday, the 11th of April, left on Saturday, and on Sunday defeated and killed Warwick at Barnet. He forced the battle, determined to crush Warwick before any reinforcements could arrive. He kept Clarence by his side, the only one from whom he had treachery to fear. The Warwickites and Lancastrians plainly distrusted each other. At a critical moment the Lancastrian Earl of Oxford, whose banners bore the cognizance a "Star with Rays," was attacked by Warwick's reserves, who mistook Oxford's star for Edward's cognizance, a "Sun in Splendor," and his men fled from the field, believing some one was betraying them, as Trollope and Grey de Ruthyn and Montagu had betrayed their respective sides before.

On the same day Margaret landed at Weymouth. When she heard the news of Warwick's death, she proposed to go back at once; but she was dissuaded from this, Somerset and other leading Lancastrian nobles pointing out that the downfall of Warwick was a gain rather than a loss, and that the Lancastrians were strong enough to cope with Edward without Warwick. The campaign of Tewkesbury followed. Margaret marched towards Wales to join Jasper Tudor. Edward had them

in the south-west corner of England, and made up his mind they should never get out to join the Lancastrians, either in Dorset or Hants, or succeed in effecting a junction with Tudor. Any one who wants proof that Edward IV. was the greatest general of his age, and worthy of comparison with all but the very greatest of all ages, should study the campaign of Tewkesbury. The battle of Tewkesbury was Edward's crowning mercy. He was never troubled with Lancastrians any more—or by any one else. Clarence gave him a little—a very little—trouble, and was summarily disposed of; whether by drowning or any other way is of no consequence. Edward was resolved that Clarence should never claim the crown on assertion of his son's illegitimacy. He seems to have wholly trusted his brother Richard; possibly he thought that, as Clarence had a son, Richard would prefer

power and influence won by devotion to his (Edward's) children to backing the claims of Clarence's son. He never again showed proof that he possessed the great powers he was undoubtedly gifted with—even supposing them somewhat less than we believe them to have been. He won his crown and kingdom before he was twenty; he won them back at Tewkesbury just after he was thirty; and he died twelve years later. His strength, his beauty, his courage, his ability, won him a kingdom and ruined him. He had ten talents, or more; so long as he used them to climb with, they were his servants; when he had reached the goal and used them only to contribute to selfish, sensual enjoyments, luxury, and debauchery, they wore him out, and he died in his prime. The careers of Warwick and Edward may both be studied with profit, and their student can draw the morals for himself.

ALMANACS.—A vague, romantic legend has been put into circulation among the ignorant and poverty-stricken Hungarian peasantry, asserting that the Archduke Rudolph is not dead, but that he has found an El Dorado far in unknown America which he governs with the justice and clemency of a new Haroun el Raschid. There is a genuine pathos in the truth that, in this so-called age of iron, this day of scepticism and pessimism, and a hundred other "isms," the old credulity, the old faith flourishes like a green bay-tree. The old fantastical superstitions are, for the most part, dead. Save in such remote districts as that moorland parish of which its forty years' vicar has written so delightful a chronicle, no one troubles to tell the bees when death comes to the homestead, or to tie a crape on the yellow hives. Faith in the fairies, the good people, has utterly vanished. Titania, Oberon, and tricky Puck are but a "Midsummer Night's Dream," pale in the cold light of applied science. May we, then, infer that credulity is dead, and that the educated citizen rustic of the last decade of the nineteenth century rises superior to the vague, uncomfortable belief in unseen powers for evil? Alas! it is not so. Credulity is like groundsel; it flourishes in any soil, and thus it comes to pass that prophetic societies exist prosperously, that those who can afford it dabble in "psychic force" and other mystic matters, and that millions of penny almanacs, filled with matter as absurd as it is injurious, are annually sold. There is an exquisite irony in the fact that a man who refuses to enter church or chapel, who scoffs openly at religion in any form, will yet covertly consult some cheap oracle before sowing or reaping

his crops. This may be thought to be a gross exaggeration, but some interesting correspondence upon this odd subject that was published a few years since attested to its perfect accuracy. This season, by way of beginning 1892 agreeably, one of the most widely circulated almanacs contains a chapter called the "Chamber of Horrors," which will doubtless prove a terror by night to many a feeble person with a vivid imagination. Matthew Arnold might well crave sweetness and light as the chief needs of our age. A brisk crusade against this sort of literature—if so good a word can so be profaned—should be proclaimed. Let a few eloquent and insistent writers and pulpit orators ventilate the subject of a new, reformed calendar system.

Nottingham Daily Express.

LEIGH HUNT loved books genuinely, touchingly; they consoled him and made him merry in the midst of many trials. His criticism is sometimes fine, and always sincere, but it is equally without the insight of Lamb or the fervor of Hazlitt. He is said to have gusto; if so, it is a girlish gusto over jam-tarts. My own phrase reminds me of a passage in one of Hunt's essays, in which he describes a pastry-cook's shop: "It is not easy to forget the pleasure of nibbling away the crust all round a raspberry or currant tart in order to enjoy the three or four delicious semi-circular bites at the fruity plenitude remaining." Hunt was apt to treat his favorite authors much as he used to do his raspberry tarts. It is not a bad way; but there is a better.

Speaker.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

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